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The Pacific.

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WHOLE NO. 1629. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JUNE 27, 1883. VOL. XXXII. . . NO. 26

Lines.

[On hearing Miss Willard's address, "The Master has come, and calleth for thee."]

Though I have not the voice of an angel,
Though I know not the song they sing,
The beautiful Psalm of my being
To the feet of the Lord I'll bring.

Here are the hands Thou hast fashioned,
Take them, they are Thine own;
Teach them to weave some garland
Of joy for the great white throne.

Here are the feet Thou has guided
With love in the narrow way;
May they not at the last be waiting
Alone at the gates of day.

Lips that are mute or faltering
To Thy bleeding hands I'll press,
And warmed by Thy gentle Spirit,
They will seek the world to bless.

Eyes that are dimmed by weeping,
Touch with Thy hand divine,
And into the heart's sad chambers
Let the glory of heaven shine.

Soul of mine, strange and mystic,
With powers born of light,
Dusty, and worn with earth-stains,
And wedded to gloom and night.

Oh, bathe in the cleansing fountain,
Or melt in the furnace heat,
Counting all joy that makes it
For Thy blessed service meet.

Then, with Thy grace attending,
I shall ever more be blest;
And safe on the Shepherd's bosom
At eventide I'll rest.

WINNIE BELL.

Oakland, June 17, 1883.

Letter from Maine.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D.D.

This is the period of great religious convocations. The Presbyterian General Assembly and the Baptist General Convention, 1,500 or 2,000 strong, have been in Saratoga, and this week our great American Home Missionary Anniversary has been celebrated with a large attendance. You will see the report of the latter, of course, in full. In this city the yearly meeting of the Friends begins its session, and the kindly faces under the "broad-brims," and in the close fitting, plain bonnets, are seen in great numbers. The favorite poet, Whittier, is to be here to-morrow. The Friends will supply many of our pulpits on Sunday.

Yesterday there was a large convention (annual) in the Second Parish church, in this city, of "Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor." Fifty-three such organizations reported, either by delegates or letters—and there are known to be about 300 in existence, from Maine to California. Of the 53 reported, 17 are in Maine, 11 in Massachusetts, 5 in New York, 4 in Vermont, and from 1 to 3 in each of the States of Wisconsin, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Illinois, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Michigan, Missouri, Iowa and California. Seventeen are Congregational, and others Baptist, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Methodist and Christian. The largest and oldest is in Welliston church, Portland, Me., with 164 members; the next largest is in Dr. McLean's church, Oakland, Cal., with 148 members. Five were formed in 1881, 21 in 1882, and 27 in 1883; total membership, 2,630, of whom 1,303 are church members, 243, or about 10 per cent., having become such within about a year.

The topics of papers read, and of discussions, were: "The Work of the Social Committee," "The Relation of the Society to the Church, and also to the Sabbath-school," "How to Conduct the Experience Meeting," "The Ways and Means of Extending the Work," "Who May Become Members," "How Strictly Should the Rules be Enforced," "How May Young Ladies Assist in the Work, and How Does the Society Help Young Christians?" There were, of course, devotional exercises, and in the evening, a praise meeting, a question box and the report of the secretary. Officers were elected for the coming year, and the next meeting was appointed to be held in the Kirk-street church, Lowell, Rev. C. A. Dickinson, pastor, successor to Rev. Mr. Barrows.

The paper relating to the part young ladies should take was a very able one, read by Miss Ada Sewall, of the Leland parish, Portland, and was followed by an extempore address by a young lady of Williston church. There was a good attendance, and the exercises were all spirited. A report, with the papers, will be published in a pamphlet form at a low price, and a copy will be sent to each known society. They can be had of Mr. W. H. Pennell, of this city, the President of the Convention.

As a specimen of the way news is manufactured, I take this opportunity to say that the Portland dailies lately announced that the writer of this had accepted a call to a church in Hallowell, in this State, and one of them had it that it was a *Baptist* church. There were only two important errors in these statements: First, I have *not* become a Baptist; and, second, I have had no call to Hallowell.

My engagement to supply the West church in this city was only designed to be temporary, and it will close with the present month. After visiting a daughter in Minnesota, I expect (D. V.) to go, about October next, to Stockton, Cal., and to reside thenceforth in your State. My next letter will, therefore, probably be from Minnesota, or, as *Harper's Magazine* has it, "The Home of Hiawatha." My postoffice address will be, after July 1st till October, Sank Centre, Minn.

Portland, Me.

From Arizona.

TUCSON, A. T., June 14, 1883.

EDITOR PACIFIC—*Dear Brother:* I owe you something more than a check for courteously introducing your paper to me. With the old-time Congregationalists, the *Advance*, the *Christian Union* and the *Watchman* regularly, and other religious weeklies casually, on my table, I did not know how essential THE PACIFIC was until I missed it. It is so spicy and timely that it is a real comfort and inspiration. It comes to me, in my isolation from fraternal associations, as one can imagine an ocean's breeze coming to one on these sandy desolate plains. It's a great change from a weekly conclave in Pilgrim's Hall, and daily intercouse with one's brethren, to a home two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest neighbor.

Through the columns of your paper, I begin to feel acquainted with the brethren on the Pacific coast. Please put my name on your permanent list, and I will try to watch the label.

It will rejoice Dr. Warren's heart to know that the debt on our meeting house, two thousand dollars, raised on the ground, is provided for. We find that faith, with willing hands, accomplishes impossibilities.

Our Ladies' Circle, for instance, since we came here in December, besides having free sociables and entertainments once a month, has made over five hundred dollars. A portion of this sum has gone to cancel past indebtedness, but we hope to have something left for the fitting up of our church. The audience-room now is barren and barn-like, and it is of the utmost importance that we speedily transform it into a tasteful and attractive place. This can easily be done with money. Towards this our efforts are directed. We have other aspirations for the outside of our adobe structure, but we forbe r to press them at once.

When we came to this church, in December, six of the nine members who entered into the organization, on the visit of Drs. Warren and Cobb the year before, reported for the work. There are now twenty-four names on our roll, and several others are waiting to join us. Two young men of strength and promise have united with us by profession of faith. The way seems open for a strong and prosperous church here.

We wanted to be represented at Los Angeles, both to show our interest in the common work and to catch the inspiration of the conference. But, alas! ten cents a mile means a hundred dollars for such a journey, and just now we need that money ot home.

They say that Tucson is rapidly improving. Most of the stores of all kinds now close on Sunday. The number of church attendants steadily increases. There is no doubt, however, that it is still a frontier city. Sights and sounds unexpected in Christian communities are frequent here. The pistol is often resorted to.

Our population is reckoned at 10,000; the larger half Mexicans, and more than half of the remainder those who have broken away from all outward Christian obligations. Indeed, the Mexicans, though nominally Roman Catholics, are not very strict adherents to the mother Church.

Smelting works in the city, and railroad north and south, now considered certain, insure the future of Tucson, and single it out as the metropolis of the Territory. A plentiful supply of water and rapidly developing enterprise are transforming the city into an habitable and, we anticipate, attractive place. There is no finer climate in the world. Its sanitary qualities, for those afflicted with weak throat and lungs, are sure to be appreciated. People are getting confident of the future of the city. Perseverance already begins to be written on the streets, the public buildings, the new stores, many private houses, and on the pulbic and private grounds.

New projects are constantly taking form for bringing in here the products of the mines all about us, and for developing the agricultural resources, so abundant through our fertile mesas and the waters of the Santa Cruz.

Never was their a grander field for work, nor one more hopeful of large returns. The people, as everywhere, are ready to receive the Gospel. I believe that there is hope for every class among us.

Our greatest obstacle is the common one in an exaggerated form, viz., the money-making spirit. Nearly every enterprising man or woman here, save a few invalids, came for the express purpose of making money, and expected to stay only just long enough for that purpose. But the attractive climate, a very pleasant and cultivated society, and the changing spirit of the place is producing its effect, and many nice people are finding it impossible to get away. They are going to stay. And as this fact dawns upon them, they are more anxious for permanent institutions, and especially living churches. Thus, while we have many of the obstacles of a mining camp, these obstacles are disappearing, society is forming, and we realize that we are laying the foundations of a church that is to have a history in an enduring city and a new and powerful State. You need not be reminded of the fact, so patent to one just from the fixed state of things in the East, as one gets a true idea of the needs of such a community, that there is no church form so admirably adapted to this work as the Congregational.

Very sincerely yours,

C. R. S.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
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The regular time for the July meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions falling on the Fourth, it has been thought best to omit it for the month.

Micronesia.

[Paper prepared by Miss G. G. Clarke, Northampton, Massachusetts.]

Micronesia. or the "Little Islands," embraces that part of Polynesia which lies between 3 deg. south and 20 deg. north latitude. The three groups called the Caroline, the Marshall and the Gilbert Islands are occupied by the missions of the American Board. The Islands best known to readers of missionary publications are Ponape and Kusaii or Strong's Island (named for Governor Strong, of Massachusetts), of the Caroline group; Ebon, of the Marshall; and Apaiary, of the Gilbert. The Marshalls are divided into two ranges, the Western and Eastern. The Carolines number about 500, the Marshalls 30, and the Gilberts about 15 or 16 islands. A few of the Caroline are of basaltic rock, among these Ponape, 2,850 feet above sea level, surrounded by ten smaller islands, all inclosed in a coral reef. Most of the islands are atolls, or coral rings, enclosing lagoons which often contain small islets. The rings average a quarter of a mile in width, and there is usually an opening to the lagoon, often large enough to afford safe entrance for ships. These islands differ much in climate, soil, etc. The more northern, Ponape especially, have been called a physical paradise, having a delightful climate, the mercury ranging but seventeen degrees in three years. All tropical products grow in great abundance. The southern islands are less desirable places of residence. The only products of some of the Gilbert islands are the cocoa-nut palm, the pandanus and a coarse kind of nut. The people are mainly of Malay origin, their number variously estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000. Their complexion is dark, but they differ much in different islands. The Gilbert Islanders are more robust than the others, and are hired as laborers in the Sandwich Islands sugar plantations. Three or four different dialects are spoken, some of them akin to that of Hawaii. There is a higher degree of civilization in the northern islands than in the southern. In the latter only the rarest implements of war and canoes are made, while in the north quite good looms are in use, and fine cloth is woven. Their houses are merely for shelter, consisting of four posts with thatched roof. In some of the islands tattooing is practiced, and little clothing is worn. Their governments are varied. In the Caroline islands there are petty chiefs, some of them holding absolute power. In the Marshal islands there is one king with subordinate chiefs; and the Gilbert islands are mainly democratic. Theft, drunkenness and vices of all sorts prevailed at the opening of the missions. Visited frequently by merchant vessels, they had picked up a little of the English language and a great deal of English vice. They had few religious ideas. Few of them were really idol worshipers, but deified departed spirits of friends; abstained from eating certain kinds of fish supposed to belong to the God of the family; refrained from visiting places held sacred, and placed food before stoves erected to the gods. The fear of spirits is instilled from infancy. Mrs. Pease says they now join the names of the missionaries with the spirits to keep the children straight. The beach-combers, a class of men who have made their homes upon the islands for the sake of trade, have prooved anything but a blessing to them. One of them who had lived on the islands for thirty years acknowledged that the people had degenerated sadly during that time. The story of the Micronesia mission might properly begin with the familiar one of Henry Obookiah, as it is the outgrowth of his visit to America in search of knowledge. Thirty years after the mission to the Sandwich Islands was established, they had become so far Christianized as to recognize the obligation to give as they had received, and their thoughts turned, naturally, to the islands of the sea lying 2,000 miles to the west. A society was formed at Honolulu called the Hawaiian Missionary Society. In 1851 the American Board determined to co-operate with them, and, in November, sent Messrs. Snow, Sturges and Gulick, with their wives, as pioneers. On arriving at Honolulu, native missionaries joined them, and before leaving they were organized into a church. King Kaine-hame-ha III sent a letter to the islanders by the missionaries, from which I quote: "Here is my friendly message to you. There are about to sail to your islands some teachers of the most High God, Jehovah, to make known unto you his word for your eternal salvation. A part of them are white men from the United States of America, and a part belong to my islands. I therefore take the liberty to commend these good teachers to your care and friendship, to exhort you to listen to their instruction, and to seek their acquaintance. I have seen the value of such teachers. We, here on my islands, once lived in ignorance and idolatry. We were given to war, and were very poor. Now my people are enlightened, we live in peace, and some have acquired property. Our condition is greatly improved on what it once was, and the Word of God has been the great cause of our improvement. Many of my people regard the Word of God, Jehovah, and pray to him, and he has greatly blessed us. I advise you to throw away your idols, take the Lord Jehovah for your God, worship and love him, and he will bless and save you. May he make these new teachers a great blessing to you and your people, and withhold from you no good thing."

The missionaries reached Pitt's Island, one of the Gilberts, in August, 1853. The day after their landing was the Sabbath, so they had public worship, and the first sermon ever preached there was listened to. They visited Kusaii, and were kindly received by King George, to whom they gave presents. He had learned a little English from the traders, and, in reply to King K.'s letter, said: "Tell him I will be a father to Mr. and Mrs. Snow." This promise he fulfilled as long as he lived, and Mr. and Mrs. S. thought he died a Christian. Messrs. Sturges and Gulick were stationed at Ponape. In 1853 Dr. and Mrs. Pierson formed the mission on Strong's Island, but, having stopped at Ebon on their way, were so much interested in the island that they determined to return there, if the way should be opened, as we shall see they did. The account of this mission would be incomplete without the mention of the *Morning Star*. It surely would not do to leave these faithful workers dependent upon the chance visits of whalers for communication with friends and the societies which employed them, and so there seemed a necessity that the mission should have a vessel of its own, which should go back and forth from the Sandwich Islands, and cruise about among the different stations. But where could the necessary $12,000 be found? Both societies were poor, and could not advance a dollar. At last came the inspiration to ask the children to build this ship, and from every corner of the States, from Canada, from missionary children in Turkey, Syria and China, and from the Hawaiian children, came pouring in the money, until $30,000 had been received. The surplus was devoted to fitting out, for sailing expenses and repairs. She sailed from Boston, Dec. 2, 1856, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, and reached Honolulu April 23, 1857. She was received with demonstrations of great joy, and began her mission by a trip to the Marquesas Is., so as to carry relief to the missionaries who were suffering for want of the necessities of life. The mission had been established four years before by the Hawaiian Foreign Mission Society, and word had first come that aid must be had at once or the mission must be given up. The *Star* returned to Honolulu in two months, and sailed for Micronesia with Mr. and Mrs. Buffington and two native teachers and their wives. On the 21st of August they crossed meridian 180 deg., and gained one day in their reckoning. The ship carpenter was much troubled because it involved a change in the Sabbath, and could not be satisfied until Captain Morse told him he need not work on Mondays if he had scruples. She went to Kusaii, and, taking Messrs. Snow and Pierson, with their families, left for Ponape. Dr. Pierson had been waiting two years for an opportunity to go to his chosen field, Ebon. He had been advised not to attempt to gain a foothold there, as the natives were considered exceedingly savage, and the captains of two whalers told Captain Morse to have his guns in order for a fight. The leading of Providence can be plainly traced in this event. Some time before, a party of natives from Ebon were caught in a storm while returning from a neighboring island, and were driven by the tempest to Kusaii. The king received them with hostility, and would have destoyed them, but Dr. Pierson used his influence to save them, gave food to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and sent them home in safety. As the *Star* approached Ebon, fifteen canoes filled with men pushed off to meet her. Dr. Pierson recognized the chief man in the foremost, as he stood erect with folded arms, and gave orders that he be allowed to come on board. As his eyes fell upon Dr. Pierson, he exclaimed, "Docerter! docerter!" and seemed overjoyed at the meeting. A conversation followed in which the Doctor told him that in two moons he and Mrs. Doane were coming to live with them, and, after a friendly farewell, they proceeded to Apaiary, the station to which Mr. and Mrs. B. had been assigned.

They were met at the landing by the chief, who gave free consent to their remaining, and promised a site for a house. This was chosen the next day, and the house, which had been brought ready framed, was erected. The work was delayed by the carpenter's scruples, as the weeks had two Sundays. The natives watched the work with interest. After seeing Mr. and Mrs. B. fairly settled, Messrs. Doane and Pierson proceeded to their new home in Ebon. We must remain at Apaiary for a time. The first business of the missionaries was to get some kind of knowledge of the language, and reduce it to writing. As soon as possible meetings were held, and attempts were made to induce the children to attend school. They could be bribed, by the offer of a garment, to come for a few days, but, as the novelty wore away, they would be seen no more. For years the progress was slow. Apaiary was desolated more than once by war, and there were many discouragements. Some who appeared promising converts fell into gross sin. The missionaries were much alone, and very little comfort could be had. They were dependent for home news and for supplies upon the yearly visit of the *Star*, and sometimes were reduced to almost starvation before her arrival. Several times the food she brought was injured and even spoiled by the long voyage. The water was unfit to drink, and they were dependent on tanks in which rain water should be collected. Still they toiled prayerfully on, never doubting but the blessing would come. The tabu system has been almost as great a hindrance to the work of missions in the Pacific islands as caste in India. When a man married he built two houses; the one for himself is tabu to his wife. He ate in his own house with his sons; she with her daughters in hers. No woman might walk upon a piece of tabued ground or sit under a tabued tree. Any man might make tabu laws for his own house, and chiefs had a special right. The penalties for violating these laws were severe—the loss of one or both eyes—even death was not uncommon. In 1868 occurred an interesting event in Apaiary, the destruction of their sacred things, such as stones, branches of trees smeared with oil, fish, birds, etc., and the majority of the people became outwardly worshipers of the true God. A large tree, 35 feet in circumference had been taken, no one being permitted to pass under it. On the 1st of January, 1869, three thousand people met around the tree, and as Mr. B. said, "kept their first happy New Year."

When the mission was first planned it was expected that the work would be mainly done by Hawaiian helpers, with Americans enough to organize the work, translate the Scriptures and establish training schools. These native pastors have been efficient workers. When Andrew found Jesus he first called his own brother Simon and said: "We have found the Christ." When Jesus said to Philip, "Follow me," Philip found Nathaniel and said: "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." And through all the centuries since it has been the desire of those who love Jesus to make him known to others. So we are not surprised to find the hearts of Mr. Sturges and the people of Ponape fired with the desire to send the Gospel to other islands. Pingelap at the southeast and Mortlock at the west were occupied by converts from Ponape in 1873, and Mr. Sturges introduces these missions as the great grandchildren of the American Board. In 1878 the Ponape Board of missions issued a report of the work. The islands at the southeast, four in number, spoke the Ponape language and could use books. Those at the southwest used a different dialect. The Ponape Christians were looking with longing eyes towards Ruh, northwest of Mortlock, long dreaded from the warlike and vicious nature of the people. Through their neighbors of Mortlock some knowledge of better things had come to them, and they were beginning to ask for teachers. In Dec., 1879, Mr. Sturges, with Moses and Deborah, a Ponape couple who had already done good service in pioneer work, landed at Ruh. At first the people laid aloof, seeming inclined neither to see, or to be seen; but hearing the Mortlock greeting multitudes headed by the king, rushed down to the water, laid hold of the boat, and bore it to the land. The king brought with his own hand a tray of dumplings covered with milk, and set it before them—by the act showing his friendliness. On being asked if they wanted to know and worship the true God, and would like to have the teachers stay with them, the kings and chiefs answered promptly in the affirmative. Mr. Sturges took Moses by one hand, Deborah by the other, led them in front of the king and queen, and said that he had known them from little children, and they were to him as his own children, and asked who would be father and mother to them now. There was a general response—"I will; I will; we all will live and obey them." "Thus," said Mr. Sturges, "was Ruh taken in the name of the Lord."

Many changes have come to the missions in all these years. Some of the faithful ones have been unable to endure the trying climate, some have been removed to other fields, and some have gone to their reward. As a woman's society we are specially interested in woman's work, and it may be well to hear some account of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific Islands. It was organized in July, 1871, and had for its primary object work in the Hawaiian Islands, in girl's boarding schools and support of Bible readers. Yearly donations had been sent to the aid of the work in Micronesia, but no lady had been sent till 1881. After Mr. Snow's death, Mrs. Snow expressed a desire to return to her field, and the Society asked her to go as their missionary. Upon consultation with the American Board, it was decided that she should be commissioned and her expenses to the island paid by them, after which she should be cared for by the Pacific Board. She was accompanied by Miss Cathcart, of Minnesota, supported by the W. B. of the Interior, and appointed to assist Dr. Pease in the training-school at Kusaii. Mrs. Snow's health soon failed, and, with Miss C., she returned to Honolulu, and later to her own home. Miss C. remained in Honolulu—released the Board from her support until she should have an opportunity to return, intending to teach in Honolulu or vicinity.

Thirty years have passed since these missions were established, years of toil, hardship and suffering. Precious lives have been laid down, and some who live have shattered constitutions. The question naturally arises, "Has it paid?" Perhaps no better answer can be given than some quotations from the Annual Report of the Hawaiian Foreign Missionary Society for 1879 (the latest on hand when this was written). The closing words of Mr. Snow to us are: "Do let us help Bro. Legan with our prayers. The enthusiasm in the whole movement of Bro. Sturges in the Mortlock and Ruh is wonderful. I know of no success in modern missions that is parallel." In the Gilbert Is., there were 9 stations, 7 churches, 684 members; in the Marshall Is., 6 stations, 6 churches and 279 members; in the Caroline islands, twenty-seven churches, 1,841 members; total, forty churches, 2,904 members; 447 additions during the year, an average of more than eleven to each church. One of our own religious papers stated that the average number of additions to our church is four. The training school at Kusaii was begun with twenty-six pupils, and everything seemed promising.

This paper can be closed with no more fitting words than those of Mr. Bingham, Corresponding Secretary of the Society: "Let no one say that the effort to give the bread of life to the perishing is a thankless task; but, cheered by all the encouragement which the Lord has afforded us during the past year, let us urge upon the churches the duty of going forward with this work, till the kingdom of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ."

We have wondered at the lowliness of a man who stood among his compeers like Saul among the people—to find him simple, gentle, docile, humble as a little child—till we found that it was with great men as with great trees. What giant tree has not giant roots? When the tempest has blown over some such monarch of the forest, and he lies in death stretched out at his full length upon the ground, on seeing the mighty roots which fed him—the strong cables that moored him to the soil—we cease to wonder at his noble stem, and the broad, leafy, lofty head he raised to heaven defiant of storms. Even so, when death has struck down some distinguished saint—whose removal, like that of a great tree, leaves a vast gap below, and whom, brought down now, as it were, to our own level, we can measure better when he has fallen than when he stood—and when the funeral is over, and his repositories are opened, and the secrets of his heart are unlocked and brought to light, ah! now, in the profound humility they reveal—in the spectacle of that honored gray head, laid so low in the dust before God—we see the great roots and strength of his lofty piety.—[Guthrie.

A sweet little incident is related by a writer, who says: "I asked a little child, not long ago, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes. When I went to call her, she was asleep. I didn't wish to holloa at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her on the cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I went into the hall and said, "Grandma, tea is ready," and she never knew what woke her.'"

Communications.

'For I am not Ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.'

"I know not what course others may take, but for me, give me liberty or give me death," breathed the spirit of the ever-memorable speech of Patrick Henry, which sounded the tocsin of the American War of Independence; but these words do not electrify us because no outward threatenings press home such alternatives. Not unlike is the effect of the mere repetition of those courageous words of Paul: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," and yet the circumstances and surroundings of Paul, although largely modified and disguised, are none the less essentially our own.

Paul was at Corinth writing the Epistle to the Romans; he had never seen the great western Babylon, which at this time had consolidated and centralized earthly power and the forces of human society. Under her sway lay a subject territory extending from the fertile plains of Mesopotamia to the sterile Britain, from the arid sands of the Sahara to the picturesque Rhine and tortuous Danube. It was under the thought of preaching in Rome, filled with its regal splendor and princely luxuries, inhabited by controversial Jew and Gentile, by pagan stoic and epicurean, by men of rationalistic tendencies and by men of boasted vice and cruelty; it was under the thought of preaching in such a city and amid such heterogeneous elements of thought and life that Paul traces the confident expression, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, and why? Not ashamed of the Gospel of him who had received no mark of civic distinction, who had associated with, and shown special attachment to the poor, the afflicted, and the illiterate? Nay; not ashamed of the Gospel preached by one who had never dived into the depths of science, nor cut the Gordian knot of pagan philosophy? Not ashamed of Him who had been persecuted throughout life, and finally disgracefully executed as a public malefactor? Then, there must have been something of unusual importance and of intrinsic merit in the Gospel preached, and in him who preached it, to have awakened this invincible and uncompromising spirit of admiration; Paul is not ashamed, because the Gospel "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and he was thoroughly convinced of its truth, and of that truth's legitimate and logical outcome. It required no common courage and no ordinary degree of establishment in the faith, to run the guantlet of rebuke and scorn, reproach, and even death, for the sake of this Gospel.

This was an age when compromise and reconciliations seem desirable, when concessions from the new doctrine to the old were demanded; but Paul preached no garbled doctrine; no extravagance of rhetoric nor redundant periods mar the beauty and clearness of his truth; he follows in the wake of his illustrious Master, preaching the simplicity and the yet unrecognized glory of his Lord. He was not ashamed to stand in the proud city of Athens—home of the most distinguished philosophers and scholars of antiquity—and declare unto her citizens him who they worshiped as the "Unknown God."

Paul was made of the sterner stff of life; he possessed indomitable energy and a deep-seated love of truth; there was no lukewarmness with him; whatever he did he did with all his might; and because his convictions were thus deep and strong his life was wonderfully consistent. His energy and force of character were not diminished by his conversion; Christianity eliminates none of the native forces of the soul; on the other hand, it awakens and quickens the dormant faculties, and directs them to appropriate ends. Man does not originate nor destroy the forces of nature; he merely discovers and directs them. So Christianity originates nothing, but quickens and controls all activity. As logic is the regulator of thought, so, in a higher sense, is the Gospel of Christ the regulator of life.

Have times so changed that Christians no longer require this Pauline courage and strong faith? Has persecution ceased and the universal reign of peace been ushered in? Are there no apparent causes in our day to make the Christian ashamed of his Gospel and to tempt him to renounce it? Thanks be to God, there is not the same danger from overt and physical persecution as in the days when Paul labored; but there is not less of the scorn, the scathing sarcasm, and the haughty arrogance. Consider for a moment the human authorities against which we set ourselves; consider the long list of men eminent in the arts, in science and in philosophy who have repudiated this Gospel; renowned warriors, distinguished statesmen, ardent poets and subtle thinkers alike have enrolled themselves against us. And have not some of the greatest scientists and philosophers of our time treated our Christianity with arrogant indifference or bitter hatred? Is it not a little pricking to our conscience, a little provoking to be looked down upon from a would-be scientific eminence? Is it not a little persecuting to be taunted with our insignificance, our straight-lacedness, our want of judgment, our want of appreciation of scientific truth, our want of reason? Do we not sometimes suffer under this persecuting irony? Are we never tempted to renounce our principles? Then we may all question if our life be not one constant compromise with the world; if we be not waifs of society, birds of plumage with no serious or important duty to perform. Being professed Christians, we may not be ashamed of Christianity, but Christianity may have strong reasons for being ashamed of us. The esthetics of religion without its cardinal principles is like the accomplishments of an education without education itself. A mere lifeless and maudlin exhibition of Christian esthetics has no power in a vigorous, active world like our own. We need more than Christian adornment; we need the Pauline power of God to dare to do our duty at all times and under all circumstances.

But are the doctrines of Christianity founded on reason? The answer must be negative; but, accepted on faith, they may be proved by experience. St. Austin says: "We know what rests upon reason; we believe what rests upon authority;" and Hamilton, the proud champion of intuitionalism, adds: "But reason itself must rest at last upon authority; for the original data of reason does not rest on reason, but necessarily accepted by reason on the authority of what is beyond itself. These data are, therefore, in rigid propriety, beliefs or trusts. Thus it is that in the last resort, we must, perforce, philosophically admit that belief is the primary condition of reason, and not reason the ultimate ground of belief. We are compelled to surrender the proud '*Intellige ut Credas*' of Abelard, to content ourselves with the humble '*Crede ut Intelligas*' of Auslem."

Beyond all this, the most flattering compliment the world pays to Christian virtue is its eager imitation of it. Hypocrisy is exogenous, being an accumulative and superimposed encrustation of the soul; Christian virtue is endogenous, having a life-giving center and evolving itself outwards in all directions. The prevalance of hypocrisy, or counterfeit virtue, is the most irrefragable proof of the existence of genuine virtue, and to all such the Christian community deservedly lays claim.

But the highest and most incontestable evidence of the power of the Gospel lies in the personal experience of each individual. Personal experience cannot be gainsaid, disputed, or denied; doubt conscious experience, and we doubt the possibility of doubting. Our own conscious experience, as evidence of truth, takes precedence over all other authority. And have we brought the Gospel of Christ to an experimental test, proved its truth and efficacy, and are yet ready to skulk away at the first spectral enemy we see? Have our lines not been transformed to exalt eternity over time, virtue over vice, and God over man? Can we surrender such a vital and conscious fact of experience at the world's demand? It is impossible; this conscious change and fact of experience is the evidence no man can shake; it is the evidence that can make us confront the world and say: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Plato conceived the universe as a living animal, each of whose aggregate parts shared its vitality. Were we to embody Christianity it might assume that incarnate form, each individual depending for spiritual life upon the life-giving power of Christ. On the other hand, Aristotle conceived the universe as composed of distinct individuals; the individual in his view being the essential element in the constitution of the Cosmos. It is from this latter view that Christianity may, perhaps, be best practically taught and studied. The Gospel of Christ is not esoteric; it requires no scholasticism nor monasticism to maintain its vital spirit. It works in the hearts of individual men, nor are any of the contingencies of life necessary for its efficiency. No; we are "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Whether we view it in its not grander, but more comprehensive, aspect as influencing and directing the course of civilization, or in its not less grand influence on the life of the individual Christian, the nobility of the Gospel is maintained. The wide-spread influence of the Church is based upon the individual Christian as a unit. All effective Christian organizations must be built up upon the effectiveness of the individual Christian. The Church will never make a Christian, although the Christian may make a church. Its power and good depend upon the life and co-operation of its members. And yet Christians aggregated together strongly influence the Christian individual. Whether Christians assemble in the organized and concentrated form of a Church, or in less formal organizations, as parts of a church, their use and influence are powerfully felt. They quicken Christian sympathy, extend brotherly love and fellowship, inspire heroic courage, and concentrate energy in order to diffuse through the arteries of Christian life.

Religion cannot be relegated to class or condition; it is adapted to every class and every condition; and for its growth and development, it demands vigor and activity. A recluse, like a hot-house plant, may live a peaceful Christian life; but we want Christians to move amid the stir and bustle of the world—in every profession, in all the arts and industries of life—that the fertile Christian influence may diffuse itself throughout the sterility of the spiritual world.

Every life is a warfare; growth and decay—physical, mental, spiritual—are the two mighty forces which never conclude a peace, unattended by the thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry; silently they wrestle on the palestra of the human organism. It is here that heroism claims its highest honors; spurred by a sudden impulse, a man may perform an heroic act, which a moment later might have found him a timid coward. It is the patient endurance of suffering that tests the highest form of heroism. We need seek no ampler scope than our daily round; herein, if we live truly, we shall require the unbending spirit, the intrepid courage, and the noble daring that will command the admiration of the world; and this is true, however humble may be our sphere, however circumscribed the limits of our influence.

To the Gospel of Christ belongs the virtue of the world. Wherever Christian character is exhibited, there the holy influence of the Gospel lays its claim; whatever life is worthy must be guided by its high principles. Eliminate Christianity from our world, and hope itself—at least its higher and nobler type—with the other contents of Pandora's box, would have escaped.

Paul was not ashamed of this Gospel. He was not ashamed to carry its message from city to city, and from people to people. He told its simle story, and embodied its spirit in his life. The spirit is essential, but it cannot be dissociated from its expression. It is the spirit of the Gospel that we are to body forth in our lives, and its grandeur will yet awe the world. This is the spirit of the true heroic Christian: To confess Christ everywhere, under all circumstances; and in this spirit we can say with Paul: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

DAVID E. COLLINS.

Oakland, May 21, 1883.

Lights Along the Shore.

"Ye are the light of the world." This was the language of Christ to his disciples; therefore, as his followers, Christians are lights in the world. To a very great extent, they are the light by which the world sees, and Christianity is interpreted by the world as it is developed in the lives of the disciples of Christ. The Church is the world's Bible, and they read it much more critically than they read the Word of God, or than some professed Christians do. This fact intensifies the obligations of Christians to develop Christianity in its true character. Certainly, no disciple of the Lord Jesus can contemplate this fact without realizing the importance of living a true life, a life strictly in accord with the highest principles of Christianity.

This thought is intensified when we remember that the true worth and value of Christianity is most positively felt by the world in its practical unfoldings in human experience, and its power and conservative influence on human character. It is, therefore, one of the chief Christian duties to build up characters and establish monuments that shall reveal the power and grandeur of Christianity. The true power of Christ, probably, does not consist so much in what he said as in what he was and in what he did. It is his own distinctive personality standing out so grandly, so lovely, in human history, that commands the admiration of the world. This is also true of his followers. There is much more in what they are than in what they say. However zealous, sound in doctrine or liberal in the support of the enterprises of Christianity, if they have not produced a character that shall command respect and admiration, they have failed to give a correct interpretation of Christianity.

We can express in actions what we cannot so well express in words. So in religion; we may make eloquent professions and speak fluently on the facts and doctrines of Christianity, but we cannot make the world feel the full force of their logic in words. Actions effectively emphasize logic. An old and true aphorism applies here with great force: "Actions speak louder than words." The Christianity which consists only in facts and principles does not fill the place of that Christianity which is a joyful experience of the heart, and brings the soul in communion with God, and is exemplified by a godly walk and uniform Christian deportment. What an experience is that of the Christian! growing day by day in interest, and every day making new developments. It is a positive experience, a light whose radiance extends far and wide, a light that grows brighter and clearer as the years roll on, an experience forming the grandest theme for thought and song.

May it be our great desire to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ," that our light may grow brighter and brighter, that others may find in us the true interpretation and meaning of Christianity, and may read it in all our words and actions.—[W. L. B., in Advocate.

The Spirit Helps.

There are times when men's thoughts naturally take the form of words and arrange themselves in orderly sentences. There are other times when no words can reveal the thoughts, but when a look may convey what a volume could not contain. So it is in regard to prayer. Sometimes our ideas find easy utterances; again they struggle at the door of a full heart, and cannot find exit. So Esther stood silent before her Lord, disclosing only by her wistful presence all her trust and entreaty. So, as it is told of the devout Bengel when he spread out his hand before God, as he turned from his Bible to retire to rest, and simply murmured, "Lord, it is all understood between us." And so may we all, if we will, turn our hearts to him to whom our hearts are known, and offer our unutterable longings for his ineffable gifts of love and peace. "And in like manner the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity; for we know not what to pray for as we ought; but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." There is no moment so busy, no place so crowded, but that this form of prayer is then and there possible; and thus it is that we may obey the charge of the apostle, "Pray without ceasing."—[S. S. Times.

The Waterphone is now successfully used for detecting and locating leaks in water-pipes. It is the invention of the Superintendent of the Cincinnati Water Works.

Most people are too selfish to be happy themselves, or to make others happy.

The True Honor.

Don't go muttering, uttering blame and fluttering,
To gain some lofty spot;
Contending, or self-commending will, in the ending,
Fail to uplift our lot.
Joseph's worth, not strife, brought him to the king's abode,
"A stone fit for the wall is not left on the road."

Be diligent, vigilant, but not belligerent—
Earth's noblest are the meek;
Our worryng, hurryng and anxious flurrying
Will only make us weak.
"Faithful in that which is least" is a motto given
To those who seek the honor that cometh from Heaven.

What if neglected—not respected? hast reflected
Self-seeking would be shame?
Not whining, nor repining; but steady shining
For Christ should be our aim.
He in due time will freely give us what is best—
Promotion is from our Judge; not from east or west.

By ambition, from bliss Elysian, to perdition
Were restless angels hurled;
By emulation's proud temptation, desolation
Spreads sadly through our world.
Blessed the patient heart, that only seeks to learn
And keep the servant's charge, until his Lord return.

—[Josephine Tyler.

Receiving and Retaining.

If our weak hand of faith trembles, His mighty hand of love does not. But if we wish our Lord to retain his hold of our hearts, we must resolutely and persistently keep them free for him. Let us never have to say, "I could not keep my heart full of God's abundant grace because I wanted just one little corner for self and another small space for the world." But what if we do find self and world creeping in unawares? Let us turn at once to him who is greater than our heart; let the question be not so much, "Am I losing it?" as "Am I getting away from him?" Let us lose no time in returning to God, and then we may safely rest secure in his possession of us. So in returning and in rest shall we be saved. Let us shrink, with more horror than we should from death by freezing, from that gradual numbing of our soul's abundant life which is caused by neglect, often more perilous than a sudden fall, which may arouse us.

So, then, we see that it is not impossible to retain God's fullness of grace, but it requires constant watching unto prayer; constant reference to him alone can keep our heart. We may sum up our thoughts on this subject in some of the wisest words that have been written about "receiving and retaining" from Dr. Pope's exposition of 1 Thessalonians v: 23, 24.

"Entire sanctification, as distinguished from sanctification simply so termed, may be regarded as the confirmed, habitual, no longer interrupted, devotion of the whole being to God; the power that can fix upon God the strength of the whole soul, can keep it fixed on him. In wholly sanctified spirits this establishing grace reigns, and that is the distinction between them and others, between them and their former selves. It is the concentrated devotion of all to God made permanent that makes the difference. A strong influence of grace descending in answer to prayer may carry the whole soul to God for a season, may exclude every other thought from the mind, still every alien feeling in the soul, and draw the entire will into conformity to the will of God. This may often be the case for a time, but not so often is there continuance in such a state. When the prayer of faith that brings this blessing becomes unceasing in its present and effectual inwrought power, this act of intense devotion becomes the tranquil state of the soul."—[Rev. S. E. Gregory.

The First Brooklyn Bridge.

Perhaps few are aware that any attempt was ever made to bridge the East river from New York to Brooklyn before the present great structure was begun. Yet a plan for bridging the river was made and published as early as 1811 by a Mr. Thomas Pope, an architect then residing in Canal street, New York, a short distance east of Broadway.

Thomas Pope's specialty was bridge building. He proposed to put one across the river on the line of the present Fulton Ferry boats—namely, from Fulton street, New York, to Fulton street, Brooklyn—a bridge of a single span, sufficiently high for the largest sailing vessels to pass under. Mr. Pope made a model of his bridge, published a book with an engraving of it, and solicited aid to enable him to fulfill his project. Had he succeeded, New York long ago would have had a bridge-way to Brooklyn. But the enthusiastic engineer was doomed to disappointment. Not only was aid denied, but he was assailed with ridicule. No man in his senses, they said, would seriously propose to bridge that river, though, doubtless, if such a thing could be done, it would tend to make Brooklyn building-lots quite valuable.

I was a playmate with Mr. Pope's children, saw him often, and have heard many pretty anecdotes of him and his bridge. It is said that he, in company with Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and a number of other distinguished New Yorkers, on a certain day made a trip around the city in one of the new steamboats. The afternoon was showery, and just as the boat rounded Castle Garden the rain ceased, and there was seen a rainbow spanning the East river. "See there!" says Fulton, tapping Pope on the shoulder, "there's your bridge, Pope. Heaven favors you with a good omen."

The bridge was not built, however, and the model was destroyed.—[St. Nicholas.

Myers, Fla., September 20, 1882.

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Children's Corner.

A Day on Skees (Norwegian Snow-shoes).

"Ola, my lad!" cried a Norse father to his young son, one crisp, cold winter morning, "fetch the axe from the wood-shed and bring me my gun from the corner behind the clock, and we will see what luck we had with the fox-traps and the snares up in the birch glen."

And Ola has no need of being asked twice to attend to such duties. His mother, in the meanwhile, has put up a luncheon, consisting of cold, smoked ham and bread and butter, in a gayly painted wooden box, which Ola slings across his shoulder, while Nils, his father, sticks the axe into his girdle, and with his gun in one hand and his skee-staff in the other, emerges into the bright, winter morning. They then climb up the steep snow-banks, place their skees upon the level surface and put their feet into the bands. Nils gives a tremendous push with his staff and away he flies down the steep hill-side, while his little son, following close behind him, gives an Indian war-whoop, and swings his staff about his head to show how little he needs it.

Whew, how fast he goes!

In a few seconds father and son have reached the bottom of the valley, and before them is a steep incline, overgrown with leafless birch and elder forests. It is there where they have their snares, made of braided horse-hair; and, as bait, they use the red berries of the mountain ash, of which ptarmigan and thrushes are very fond. Now comes the test of their strength; but the snow is too deep and loose to wade through, and to climb a declivity on skees is by no means as easy as it is to slide down a smooth hill-side. Half an hour's climb brings them to the trapping-grounds. But there, indeed, their efforts are well rewarded.

"Oh, look, look, father!" cries the boy, ecstatically, "oh, what a lot we have caught! Why, there are three dozen birds as sure as there is one."

"There is enough to buy you a new coat for Christmas, lad," he says, chuckling; "and if we make many more such hauls, we may get enough to buy mother a silver brooch, too, to wear at church on Sundays."

"No, buy mother's brooch first, father," protests the lad, a little hesitatingly (for it costs many boys an effort to be generous); "my coat will come along soon enough. Although, to be sure, my old one is pretty shabby," he adds, with a glance at his patched sleeves.

"Now, quick, laddie," his father called out. "Stir your stumps, and bring me a bag of bait. Get the snares to rights and fix the berries, as you have seen me doing."

Ola was very fond of this kind of work and he pushed himself, with his staff, from tree to tree, and hung the tempting *red* berries in the little hoops and arches which were attached to the bark of the trees. He was in the midst of this labor when suddenly he heard the report of his father's gun, and, looking up, saw a fox making a great leap, then plunging headlong into the snow.

"Hello, Mr. Reynard," remarked Nils, as he slid over toward the dead animal. "You overslept yourself this morning. You have stolen my game so long, now, that it was time I should get even with you. Now, sir, we are quits."

When the task of setting the snares in order had been completed, father and son glided lightly away under the huge, snow-laden trees, to visit their traps, which were set farther up the mountain.

And when they turned their faces homeward, they had, beside the ptarmigan and the fox, a big capercailzie, or grouse, cock and two hares. The twilight was already falling, for in the Norway winter it grows dark early in the afternoon.

"Now, let us see, lad," said Ola's father, regarding his son with a strange, dubious glance, "if you have got Norse blood in your veins. We don't want to go home the way we came, or we should scarcely reach the house before midnight. But if you dare risk your neck with your father, we will take the western track down the bare mountain side. It takes brisk and stout legs to stand in that track, my lad, and I wont urge you if you are afraid."

"I guess I can go where you can, father," retorted the boy, proudly. "Anyway, my neck isn't half so valuable as yours."

"Spoken like a man!" said the father, in a voice of deep satisfaction. "Now for it, lad! Make yourself ready. Strap the hunting-bag close under your girdle, or you will lose it. Test your staff to make sure that it will hold, for if it breaks you are gone. Be sure you don't take my track. You are a fine chap and a brave one."

Ola followed his father's directions closely, and stood with loudly palpitating heart ready for the start. Before him lay the long, smooth slope of the mountain. If it had not been his father who had challenged him, he would have much preferred to take the circuitous route down into the valley.

"Ready!" shouted Nils, advancing toward the edge of the slope: "One, two, three!"

And like an arrow he shot down over the steep track, guiding his course steadily with his staff; but it was scarcely five seconds before he was lost to sight, looking more like a whirling snow-drift than a man. With strained eyes and bated breath, Ola stood looking after him. Then, nerving himself for the feat, he glanced at his *skees* to see that they were parallel, and glided out over the terrible declivity. His first feeling was that he had slid right out into the air—that he was rushing with seven-league boots over forest and mountain-tops. For all that, he did not lose hold of his staff, which he pressed with all his might into the snow behind him, thus slightly retarding his furious speed. Now the pine-trees seemed to be running past him in a mad race up the mountain-side, and the snowy slope seemed to be rising to meet him, or moving in billowy lines under his feet. Gradually he gathered confidence in himself, a sort of fierce courage awoke within him, and a wild exultation surged through his veins and swept him on. The wind whistled about him and stung his face like little sharp needles. Now he darted away over a snowed-up fence or wood-pile, shooting out into the air, but always coming down firmly on his feet, and keeping his mind on his *skees*, so as to prevent them from diverging or crossing. He had a feeling of grandeur and triumphant achievement which he had never experienced before. The world lay at his feet, and he seemed to be striding over it in a march of conquest. It was glorious! But all such sensations are unhappily brief. Ola soon knew by his slackening speed that he had reached the level ground; yet so great was the impetus he had received that he flew up the opposite slope toward his father's farm, and only stopped some fifty feet below the barn. His limbs ached, and the arm which had held the staff was so stiff and cramped that the slightest movement gave him pain. Nevertheless, he could not make up his mind to rest; he saw the light put in the north window to guide him, and he caught a glimse of a pale, anxious face behind the window-pane, and knew that it was his mother who was waiting for him. And yet those last fifty feet seemed miles to his tired and aching legs. When he reached the front door, his dog Yutul jumped up on him in his joy and knocked him flat down in the snow; and oh, what an effort to rise! But no sooner had he gained his feet, than he felt a pair of arms flung about his neck and he sank, half laughing, half crying, into his mother's embrace.

"Cheer up, laddie," he heard some one saying. "Ye are a fine chap and a brave one!"

He knew his father's voice; but he did not look up; he was yet child enough to feel happiest in his mother's arms.[—From a "New Winter Sport," by H. H. Boyesen, in St. Nicholas for February.

How the Cables Were Made for the Brooklyn Bridge.

After the towers had been built and the anchorage made ready, then came the strangest work of all. To make the cables and then put them over the towers would be a difficult matter. Very likely it could not be done at all. So the cables were made, just where they hang, one small wire at a time. The cables are not chains with links, nor are they twisted like ropes. They are bundles of straight wires laid side by side, and bound together by wires wound tightly around the outside. They called the work "weaving the cable."

At Brooklyn the anchorage was placed a powerful steam-engine, and on the top of the anchorage were placed two large wheels, and with the aid of proper machinery the engine caused these wheels to turn forward and backward. From each wheel was stretched a steel rope to the top of the Brooklyn tower, over the river, over the other tower, and down to the New York anchorage. Here it passed over another wheel, and then stretched all the way back again. The ends were fastened together, making an endless rope, and when the engine moved, the ropes traveled to and fro over the river. For this reason they were called the "travelers."

There were, besides these travelers, two more ropes placed side by side. On these were laid short pieces of oak, thus making a foot-bridge on which the workmen could cross the river.

There were also other ropes for supporting platforms, on which the men stood as the weaving went on. On each traveler was hung an iron wheel, and as the traveler moved, the wheel went with it.

It took only ten minutes to send two wires over the river in this way. The men on the foot-bridge and on the platforms suspended from the other ropes guided the two wires into place, and thus the cables were woven, little by little, two slender steel wires each time, and carefully laid in the place till 5,434 wires were bound together in a huge cable, fifteen and three-quarter inches in diameter. The work was fairly started by the 11th of June, 1877, and the last wire was laid October 5, 1878. There are four cables, each 3,578½ feet long, and if all the wires in the four cables were placed in line, they would reach over fourteen thousand miles.

The work was long and dangerous. Sometimes the wire would break and fall into the water, and an hour or more would be spent in hauling it up and starting once more. The men on the foot-bridge or on the cradles high in the air watched every wire as it was laid in place. To start and stop the engine, men stood on the top of the towers and waved signal flags to the engineer. Such a mass of wires would not very easily keep in place, and as the work went on, a number of wires were bound together into little bundles or ropes, and at the end all were bound together into one smooth, round bundle or cable.—[St. Nicholas.

An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated, and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Be jabbers, those that didn't run are there yit!"

Some genius has invented a machine to play pianos. This will give American girls a chance to help mother hang out the clothes Monday afternoon.

How to get a good wife—take a good girl and go to a parson.

A Word about Contradicting.

No one likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is absolutely necessary. A few resolutely amiable souls may bear it without visible demonstration of annoyance, but such cases are uncommon and exceptional, and only serve to prove the rule. But too often it happens that contradiction is not only unnecessary, but superfluous, as a few samples will prove.

Miss A. and her sister are calling, and Miss A. is speaking of the death of a mutual friend. "Yes, I saw her in July for the last time!" says Miss A.; whereupon her sister immediately interrupts with—"Oh, no, you didn't, you saw her in August; I remember very well it was the first day of August."

"Well, in August, then," says Miss A., accepting the correction, and going on with her story. "She seemed very well, and it was just one week afterward that she was taken with"——

"Oh, no, it was eight days after you saw her; you said so at the time," breaks in the accurate sister once more.

Miss A. finally closes her narrative by saying:

"And she left such a young family! the baby is only a year old now."

"Why, sister, how can you say so? that child is one year and two months old at the least," is the instant correction. And so the dialogue goes on—every remark sandwiched between interruptions of the same sort—the most unimportant dates and facts constantly restated; and the contradictor full of interest and complacency all the while.

Too often the whole point of an amusing anecdote, or the force of a remark is destroyed by some unmeaning and impertinent contradiction, while the effect upon both speaker and hearers is irritating in the extreme. Only lately we were commending exactness of speech, correctness in small details, and the like, but this is a very different matter from that, and should never be confounded with it.—[Christian Intelligencer.

Politeness of Great Men.

Truly great men are polite by instinct to their inferiors. It is one element of their greatness to be thoughtful for others.

The greatest men in the world have been noted for their politeness. Indeed, many have owed their greatness mainly to their popular manners, which induced the people whom they pleased to give them an opportunity to show their power.

Many years ago the errand boy employed by a publishing house in a great city was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-sheets of a book he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books, in fear and trembling. He stood in awe of this famous man, and dreaded to meet him. But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the lad with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked:

"Shall I put the paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the President.

The boy departed in a very comfortable state of mind. He had been raised in his own esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and he has never forgotten the lesson it taught him.—[Irish Christian Advocate.

Beautiful Answers.

A Persian pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the Sum of eternity, the Merchant of nature, the Eye of justice, the Watchmaker of the universe, the Soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons because he doubts; he doubts, he deliberates, he decides. God is omniscient; he never doubts; he, therefore, never reasons."—[Selected.

HOME POLITENESS.—A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are, in a sense, a part of themselves, and who continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and kitchen as well as the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

Private duties performed conscientiously before God are better than public ones paraded before men.

Made by a Silk Worm.

Most of the many boys and girls who already own or who intend to own silk-worms will be glad to know of a way by which its silk-spinning powers may be made to produce immediate results, and the silk-worm will itself save you the time of its own house-building and spare you the trouble of reeling and weaving. It can, in fact, be made to produce for you, under your own supervision, a piece of beautiful, golden silk. Nor is this all. It will even shape the silk and fasten it to a fan, a tamborine, or to any other similar frame, provided, of course, that the silk-yielding capacity of the worm be not overtaxed.

The method of accomplishing this result is a very simple one, though, like many other simple things, if is not commonly known. Very many Chinese ladies, however, know it, and make use of it to divert the weary hours they usually spend in idleness.

When the worm is full-grown, and has filled its reservoir with the silk-making material, it is ready to build its house or cocoon. This you must not permit it to do. It must, instead, be placed on a common Japanese fan, of the battledore or lawn-tennis bat shape.

Nature tells the worm that it must spin—spin a cocoon if possible, but spin anyhow. If permitted to have its own way, it will build on the flat surface of the fan; but if prevented, it will wander from side to side of the little platform, spinning all the while its wonderful silken thread, fastening it at the edges, and in the end covering the whole surface with a closely woven golden web almost as tough as parchment.

In relating this fact, however, we must, at the same time, impress upon the young silk-culturist that, if he tries this experiment, it had better be with only two or three worms, and that it would be wrong and cruel to divert many of the little creatures from their proper work of cocoon-making for the sake of the ornamental fan-covers they might be made to supply. Though the result is, of course, interesting, it is decidedly not for this purpose that you are supposed to keep silk-worms.—[St. Nicholas.

There was greater fear of, but less faith in, Jefferson than his relative exhibited among the Northern Federalists, who firmly believed that he was little better than Antichrist. A story illustrative of the state of feeling with regard to the French Party is related of a pious old Federalist lady who lived in a town in Connecticut. It was believed in her neighborhood that if the Federalists were overthrown, and the Jefferson Democrats came into power, the Christian religion would be put down and atheism proclaimed, and among the first persecutions would be the destruction of all the Bibles. The lady referred to was terribly wrought up at this prospect, and cast about in her mind how she should preserve the Scriptures in the general destruction. At length it occurred to her to go to Squire S——, the only Democrat of her acquaintance, and throw herself upon his mercy. She accordingly took her family Bible to him, and telling him that she had heard of the intention of the Jeffersonians, asked him to keep it for her. The Squire attempted to persuade her that her fears were groundless, but she was too panic-stricken to be convinced. At last he said:

"My good woman, if all the Bibles are to be destroyed, what is the use of your bringing yours to me? That will not save it when it is found."

"Oh yes," she pleaded, with a charming burst of trust. "You take it; it will be perfectly safe. They'll never think of looking in the house of a Democrat for a Bible."—[Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.

A father-in-law and son-in-law in Hillsboro, Or., shot and killed each other last Monday, while the arbitration of a difficulty between them about the paltry sum of twenty dollars was in progress. The wives of both men were present in the court-room, and were witnesses of the terrible tragedy. What evil thing is there that Satan will not lead his victims to commit? If we were to recount all the deeds of violence committed during the past week that have come to our knowledge, we should have room for nothing else in our paper. And all this so many centuries after the coming of Him who would bring peace on earth, good-will to men.

The canal which M. DeLesseps proposes to cut from the Mediterranean Sea to the Great Desert of Sahara will cost $30,000,000, but will redeem over a hundred million acres of barren land to agriculture. General Fremont has a similar scheme for the redemption of the barren lands of Arizona, by cutting a canal through from the Gulf of California, or diverting the waters of the Colorado river upon the plains. It is said to be practicable, but as the land will not be needed for years, the enormous expense makes it impracticable at present.

How easy it is to perform work that is agreeable to our wishes, but how hard the same labor seems when we are unwilling to do it! A willing spirit makes labor light.

Tommy sees a negro—"O mamma, how happy I should be if I were like that!" "Why, what an idea!" "I should never be washed!"

Love and happiness go together. Where the former is not found, we need not look for the latter. He who has no one to love has nothing on which to exercise the holiest faculties of his being.

No prudent man, holding the position of pastor, will for a moment cherish and encourage the spirit of faction in the church; for without harmony, there can be no real prosperity.

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The Pacific.

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Wednesday, June 27, 1883.

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This is the week of several college commencements in the East, and more more will occur all through July. The annual supply of new doctors of medicine, law, philosophy or theology will not be small for lack of material and producing power. It is simply a question of disposition, generous or restricted. We observe with pleasure that Brown University has honored the Rev. G. M. Abbott, of Oakland, Superintendent of Baptist Domestic Missions on this coast, and editor of the *Herald of Truth*, with the degree of "D. D." We heartily congratulate our friend, and hope he will be cheered by this and every other token of appreciation and remembrance. No doubt he will show hereafter that he has "earned to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith."

A copy in pamphlet form of the paper read recently at Saratoga by Secretary Barrows (with accompanying map), on "New Aspects of Our Home Work," has been received and read with profouud interest. Something good will grow out of it. Some of its points are not new to us on this coast. The author himself learned much while he was here in the "far West." It is gratifying to note the fresh spirit and large endeavor now characterizing the action of the American Home Missionary Society. It is cheering to find the Secretary so full of love for other societies, so free of envy or jealousy. All the movements of the last two years show that, while our churches do not mean to diminish their foreign work, they do mean to increase their home work, relatively, very largely, because the times demand it, and the world is coming to us, and we have not far to go to find it. We must cultivate the home, and "hold the fort," however the fortues of the field may vary in other lands. The Christians of Great Britain and the continent of Europe have no such "home" fields as we have, and theirs it is to enter all foreign fields with ever-increasing zeal.

Track-laying has begun, it is reported, on the extension of the railway northward from Redding toward the Oregon line. In two months twenty miles will be down. That region needs a road. The north part of this State will have its due consideration some day. Just now the population stops away south, or keeps on away north. Northern California and Southern Oregon, where the seasons and climates are decidedly mixed, will be found to have a superb climate and a a sublime scenery. Certainly the mountain ridges are rather formidable, and railroading there is no child's play, but what fat valleys there are, and with what majesty the hillsides are clothed when clothed at all! What an immense canyon there is on the Oregon side, and what stories the early immigrants tell of that canyon, and of other hard places in nature and their experience. May a good Providence speed the railway building, for humanity's sake and religion's.

President Soto, of Honduras, in Central America, was here last week, and addressed our leading business men regarding his country as a field for investment, enterprise and capital, and made an excellent showing. With the right kind of people, in a good state of civilization and religion, paradise might be quickly regained in Honduras. But what is any country good for without industry, manliness, virtue and religion? Religion first of all, in fact, if it be "pure religion and undefiled." It is a good sign, however, when the little republics look up to, cling to, and imitate, the great one. We hope that Americans will send steamers into the waters of Honduras, and build railways across it, and show its peopls how to do things—how to make men and found communities and rear States, as well as how to grow crops and raise cattle. How the world waits, far and near, to be Christianized and civilized, and what grand opportunities our generation is having, and what tremendous problems the next generation is likely to solve!

Our friends who take salt-water baths will find good places and help good people if they go to the "Sandy Beach Baths," in Alameda; kept by Mrs. Cooke, or Mr. Stewart's baths, in West Oakland. The advertisements of both places will be found in this paper.

We have read of late of a duel in the Carolinas, fought after the "Queensbury" style—vulgarly known as "slogging" Just how it is done we cannot say, but we suppose the parties are as little dressed up as may be, and then turned loose together, say like two bulls, and, with only nature's weapons, to try over again the question of the "survival of the fittest," fistest, or fightest. In this particular case, the parties, after a severe "rough and tumble," shook hands, and professed satisfaction with each other's gentlemanly qualities, and each other's fitness to sue for the hand of the maiden with whom both were in love. What the maiden will think of them is not said. But, if duels must be fought, and honor must have its points, we do not see but this is about the fairest and least hazardous way of settling the grave questions of individual merit and personal prowess, known to our times, and good for all times.

The difference between the demands of our fathers and ourselves, with reference to the length of sermons, is well brought out by an affidavit which one Cornelius Brown made in Poquonnoc, a part of the town of Windsor, Ct., in the year 1727. Brown testified regarding the Rev. Daniel Fuller, as follows: "Perceiving great uneasiness amongst the people in that affair, I prayed Mr. Fuller to apply himself to his work, and lengthen out his sermons, that, if possible, he might gain disaffected persons. Mr. Fuller replied that he did not concern himself about it; if they were but orthodox, they were long enough for Poquonnoc."

When people do not go to church they are very likely to enter into some explanation of the reasons why people in general do not go to church. One may often be reminded of the way in which the great Preacher characterized the people of his time: "But whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the market-places which call unto their fellows and say, We piped unto you and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not mourn!"

Prof. Bayne thinks that essence or substance has two faces, one spiritual, the other material. And the late Mr. Hamilton, of this State, when he expired was announcing his notion that matter and spirit were only two phases, or manifestations, of the same essential thing. But, come to think of it, this is "unthinkable." For it is an intuition, a necessary law of our thinking, that there must be identity, that is, that the same must be the same in all circumstances. Now, if there is something which is now matter and now spirit, it lacks identity and is "unthinkable." Besides, how can an ultimate be double? We are after simple elements. We search for that which needs no resolving, or explication. So long as anything seems yoked, or doubled, we have not found the last analysis. Our explanation itself needs to be explained. It is then only a temporary shelter, an extemporized half-way house that we get into when we say that matter and spirit are but different phases of the same thing. We have still to ask—What thing?

We find this paragraph afloat, and it may be worth remembering:

"Professor Sattler, of Munich, claims the distinction of having solved the problem as to the year in which Christ was born, and of having demonstrated the fact that the current year is probably 1888 instead of 1883. He bases his proofs mainly on three coins which were struck in the reign of Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great, and which date, consequently, from the first half of the first century of the current era. The evidence they offer is said to coincide with the narrative of the Gospels and with astronomical calculations. The following are the results at which Professor Sattler has arrived: Jesus was born on the 25th of December, 749 years after the founding of Rome, and commenced his public career on the 17th of November, 780 years after the founding of Rome. He was then thirty years, ten months and twenty-two days old."

It has long been known that the birth of Christ was earlier than is figured in the current dates of time, earlier by at least one olmypiad, or about four years. It may be that chronologists will accept this position, but we have doubts. Heretofore scarcely more than one skilled chronologist has placed the birth of Christ on the 25th of December, where the popular mind places it, and the time of the year is in doubt, with probabilities in favor of the springtime; the beginning of his public life was just thirty years later; and his death three years, nearly, after that—possibly four years.

We cannot but think that the stories and accusations regarding a Dr. Hathaway, of Philadelphia, are a good deal exaggerated, particularly as the exposing of the man's bad ways, by his wife, comes after a silence of years, and after a domestic broil. If the woman's stories be true, the woman is hardly worthy to be believed; for they show that up to a recent date she was almost a partaker of his evil deeds. That Dr. Hathaway may have sought to conceal his deeds, as an abortionist, in one or two instances, by incineration, is possible; but that little human bodies were used as a kind of common fuel in his home is utterly incredible, and it is too bad to print articles based on that assumption. We hope that this unearthing of such a practice in Philadelphia will stir up policemen nearer home. Every nefarious business is not confined to the cities of the East.

Prof. Harris's Inaugural.

The *Independent* of the 14th of June contains the entire inaugural discourse of the new Professor in the Abbot chair at Andover. It is entitled "The Rational and Spiritual Verification of Christian Doctrine." It is a very long discourse. It is also elaborate. Mr. Harris has the reputation of a man who takes things with great coolness. He is not in any haste; what he has to say he takes time to say. We judge that his discourse will show that he is not chargeable with the peculiar mental qualities on account of which the visitors annulled the previous election. Still, the impression is that he belongs to the same general type of thinking on theological topics. It is evident that he approaches the temple through the same vestibule with Dorner. Indeed, the particular theme chosen for discussion is the one with which the German Doctor busies himself in the introduction of his system. The definition of systematic theology is identical. The same stress is laid on certainty; and certainty is distinguished from truth in a similar way. Truth is objective; certainty is subjective. We become certain only by experience. Consciousness—not the individual merely, but the general Christian consciousness—is made prominent as it is in all the evangelical thinking on the continent since the day of Schleiermacher. At the same time, the fact of an external revelation is affirmed. "It has already," he says, "been assumed that the source of religious truth is the record of God's redeeming love in Christ as given in the Bible; that we cannot originate a system of doctrine, but only interpret and appropriate it. But it has been my object throughout to show that certainty of truth for us rests on our ability to discover its reasonableness and experience its power."

One cannot tell from such a doctrine like this what will be the actual rendering of the Bible. We might, reading extended portions of this address, find ourselves querying whether what is here called consciousness, especially what is here spoken of as the "convictions of the age," might not become elevated above the Scripture; whether what we think the Scriptures ought to teach might not very easily be construed as the true doctrine instead of what the Scriptures do teach. But it would be unfair to anticipate that Mr. Harris will, or is predisposed to, make any such use of his principles.

On the whole, we are hopeful of the teaching likely to be had at Andover in this important position. This address indicates a man of ample ability, of comprehensive spirit, and of Christian loyalty. The closing allusion to his predecessor is appreciative, manly, and is it not also adroit? "The professorship into which I am now inducted has become eminent by reason of the brilliancy and ability of my predecessor. He has created an enthusiasm for the highest of all studies, which has been carried into a thousand pulpits. He has been an original, independent and therefore untrammeled teacher of Christian theology. He has thus earned for his successor the right to do his own work in his own way."

Henry Ward Beecher's seventieth birthday celebration, last Monday evening, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was a grand affair. Every seat and every foot of standing room was taken. Many very flattering speeches were made by prominent men in various departments of life. Rev. Dr. Gotthiel, rabbi of the Broadway Temple, on behalf of his fellow rabbis, presented a handsome silver pitcher. To all Mr. Beecher responded handsomely; after returning thanks for the honors paid him, the audience was requested to rise to receive his benediction. No minister in America has filled a more prominent place, or had a more eventful history during these many past years. How he has borne all his burdens and done all his hard work, and is still so vigorous at three score years and ten is not easy to understand. Whatever faults have marred the symmetry of his life, he said, were his alone; whatever of service he has rendered is God's.

A meeting was held Monday evening by the Sacramento Congregational church, at which a letter was received from Rev. Dr. Dwinell, declining to withdraw his resignation as pastor, which was tendered some time since, and which the church refused to act on or accept. It was requested through the letter that action be taken upon the resignation, and that it be accepted, subject to the approval of a council. After many and deep expressions of regret, the resolution was finally, but very reluctantly, adopted.

[For THE PACIFIC.]

The Ecclesiastical Council, called by the Congregational church of Petaluma to examine the facts relating to the resignation of its pastor, Rev. R. G. Jones, D.D., and to advise the church with reference to the action it should take in the matter, met in Petaluma on the 19th instant. All the churches invited were represented, viz., First, Plymouth, Third and Bethany churches of San Francisco; First, Second and Plymouth-avenue churches of Oakland; and the First churches of Alameda, Berkeley and Sonoma. After a full hearing and consideration of all matters affecting the case, the following report of the findings was unanimously adopted:

"This Ecclesiastical Council, assembled upon invitation of the First Congregational church of Petaluma to advise in relation to the acceptance by this church of the resignation of its pastor, Rev. R. G. Jones, D.D., having listened to the statement made, affectionately represent that with many things to cause us grief, we see many things to comfort us also.

"We are comforted in view of the fact that even those who have believed that the best interests of the church and its more extended and successful work for Christ demand that their pastor's resignation be accepted, nevertheless recognize explicitly and cordially the excellence of his character, his ability, industry and faithfulness as a minister, and base their present stand solely on their views concerning his adaptation to this particular field in its immediate circumstances. And this Council takes pleasure in commending Rev. Dr. Jones as an able, faithful and successful pastor, whose labors in this field have been greatly fruitful in souls won to Christ, and for whom, as we firmly believe, God has yet much good work in store.

"We are comforted also in view of the temperate language and Christian spirit in which the views of the minority have been expressed, and especially in view of the hearty and sturdy loyalty to their pastor evinced by the majority; and we earnestly pray that each of these groups of brethren, recognizing the good elements wrought in the other by the one Master and Saviour, will seek those things which make peace, and the things whereby one may edify the other.

"While cherishing these sentiments we can still reach no other conclusion than that under the circumstances our brother Jones does right to persist in his resignation, and that the church should accept the same; and we give our advice accordingly. And rejoicing to hear that Providence has already opened the way for Dr. Jones to another field of labor, we pledge to him, should he enter upon it, our best wishes and our earnest prayers.

"We urge our brethren, one and all, to remember that their obligations as members of the Church of Christ are to him and to his Church, and are not dependent on their being entirely satisfied with the ministrations of a pastor, or with the methods which may have been adopted by a majority of the church for doing the Lord's work; that the only way to peaceful and efficient service in any church, especially in one organized on Congregational principles, is that the decision of the majority is the voice of the church, and ought to be accepted by the minority, at least till an opportunity recurs for a fair and fraternal re-opening of the question.

"And now, not as in mere form, but from the depths of our hearts, we commend this dear church to God and to the Word of his grace, craving for it the unity for which our Saviour pleaded with his Father; and the speedy coming to it of another pastor, sent by God, who may feed this flock with wisdom and understanding."

SAM'L A. CHAPIN, Moderator,
C. B. BRADLEY, Scribe.

Few places in the world are so beautiful as the shores of Lake Como in Italy, in the summer-time; but no matter how fair the scene, death enters. The report came to us, on Monday last, of a fire at Dervio, on Lake Como, at some sort of a performance, where only about 90 persons were present, and, in a few minutes, 47 of them were burnt to death. On the same day, in our own country, at Saratoga, where all is so gay and so beautiful at this season of the year, John L. Stryker, the well-known New York millionaire, was drowned while bathing in Saratoga Lake. He leaves behind a wife, only two months a bride. How hard to go from such scenes and such wealth and such happiness into the cold grave; but if the dearest treasures are laid up in heaven, then how different! Hard it is to leave so suddenly and so terribly the beautiful scenes of Lake Como or Saratoga, but to go in a chariot of fire, or through the deep waters, to the shining shore of that heavenly land is glorious.

To-morrow, ah! golden to-morrow! Thank God for the hope of its coming, with all its duties and cares and work and ministry, and all its appeals to manliness and manly endeavor! Thank God, too, for the long dissipation of the dreams of selfish ease and luxury! Life has made no significance to me save at the theater in which my powers are developed and disciplined by use, and made fruitful in securing my own independence and of those around me, or as the scene in which I am fitted for the work and worship of the world beyond. The little ones and the larger ones of my own flock are crowding me along. Soon they will have my place. I do not pity, I almost envy them. Life is so grand, so beautiful, so full of meaning, so splendid in its high results, that despite all its high results, that despite all its sorrows, I would willingly live it over again.—[Dr. J. G. Holland.

Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

Our Home Missionary Anniversary at Saratoga.

It marks a new era in our work. To begin with, it is evident that the anniversary itself is hereafter to be a power. Our true aim is made clear by Secretary Clark,—"Spiritual welfare of men."

Then, next to that, but below it, the purpose to save our country. The amazing breadth of our undertaking is forcibly set forth by Secretary Barrows—new territory, the size of which bewilders us; new populations, Germans, Scandinavians and Welsh, now for the first time taken in hand by us. At the same time, old populations, the millions of colored people in the South, and the unevangelized white people there, and the Indians also—all these taken in hand as additional work! This is certainly a bold outlay for people who thought they were doing all they could before. Besides, it is proposed to begin at once, and to provide the means to do so without delay. An extra "Emergency Fund" is determined on of $100,000.

And, still further, to make the beginning of the work immediately, more than $10,000 of the said fund was raised on the spot! Here came well in the emphasis of a telegram to the meeting from our oldest California Congregational church, and the immediate pledge on her behalf of $1,000 toward the "fund."

Well! when we take breath, we remember that this comprehensive movement is not a day too soon. But then, it means work, more than ever, in our homes, our church, our Sabbath-schools and our Missionary circles. Grass must not be allowed to grow under our feet!

Religious Intelligence

Pacific Coast.

The regular meeting of the Bay Association will be held on Monday, July 9th, at 11 A. M., at the home of Rev. E. G. Beckwith, D. D., 12 Beaver street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, San Francisco. The regular appointments are: Sermon, Rev. J. Kimball; essay, Rev. J. H. Warren, D. D.; review, Rev. W. C. Pond; text for sermon plans: Phil. iii: 20—"For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

REV. CHAS. A. SAVAGE, Scribe.

"The Art of Leading Men to Christ," was the topic at the Congregational Club last Monday. It was very interestingly and profitably presented by Rev. W. C. Pond. There will be no meeting of the Club for the next two weeks. On Monday, July 16th, the subject will be "How to Turn our Old Testament Sunday-school Lessons to best practical use." To be opened by Rev. John Rea, associate pastor of the First Congregational church, Oakland, who, with Deacon Bradley, of the same church, were present as visitors at the Club last Monday.

The monthly meeting of the Ministerial Union will be held in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. in this city, next Monday, at 10:30 o'clock.

At the First church in this city, Dr. Stratton preached morning and evening, sermons every way worthy of the place and the man, from the text "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heal."

Rev. H. H. Wikoff, of Sonoma, preached two interesting sermons in Plymouth church. His subject in the morning was "Pilate." At night he discoursed on the words, "My God shall supply all your need."

Rev. T. K. Noble preached for Mr. Wikoff in Sonoma.

At Bethany church, Rev. W. C. Pond discoursed on "The Mark and the Prize," and at night by request on "How God, Being Almighty, Allows Evil in the World."

Good work is reported at the Mariners church. Rev. Joseph Rowell preached on "The Violent Take the Kingdom of Heaven by Force." At night, the topic was, "No Wedding Garment."

Dr. Warren is prospecting in the northern part of the State. He reports that country to be a place of large opportunities.

Rev. A. L. Rankin preached at Eureka Valley on the "The Progressive Power of Sin," and at night on "The Purpose of Christ's Coming."

In the First church, Oakland, Dr. McLean preached to the young people on "Jesus the Prince." To the adults his subject was "God's Ways are Everlasting." At night he discoursed on the words, "Whosoever Committeth Sin is the Bond Servant of Sin." The attendance was very good considering it is vacation season. There were 413 present in the Sabbath-school.

"The Lord will give Grace and Glory" was the subject in the Alameda church, Sabbath morning. At night the theme was "God's Promised Blessing for Christian Efforts and Missionary Operations."

Rev. D. Dwinell preached in Sacramento Sabbath morning on "The Lesson of the Fall of Solomon." A praise service was held in the evening.

At Grass Valley the subjects were "Spiritual Bondage and Freedom," and "God witholds no Good from the Upright." On Monday much-needed repairs on the inside of the church will commence, and the pastor has been granted a month's vacation. A season at the seaside will rejuvinate and replenish a worn and exhausted pastor.

Our young Brother Detering writes very hopefully of his work in Pescadero. He says that he enjoys it very much.

Bro. Strong reports good congregations at Clayton and Pacheco, and the whole work going on well.

The programme of the Oregon and W. T. General Association of Congregational Churches, which meets with the First churches in Walla Walla, July 12–15, is as follows:

Thursday.—10 A. M, Organization and Devotion; 11 to 12, An Essay, Subject—"Higher Education," by A. J. Anderson, Ph. D., followed by discussion; 2, How to Reach Non-church-goers—Discussion led by Rev. E. R. Loomis, Portland, Or.; 3, Temperance, led by Rev. E. Gerry, Oregon City, Or.; 7:30, Praise Meeting, led by Rev. E. R. Beach, Blalok, Or.; 8, Associational Sermon, by Rev. P. S. Knight.

Friday.—9 A. M, Devotional Exercises led by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, Cheney, W. T.; 9:30 to 11, Reports of churches; 11 to 12, How to Reach the Impenitent, discussion led by the Rev. A. W. Bower, East Portland, Or.; 2 P. M., The Average Christian, an essay by Rev. J. W. Harris, Albany, Or.; 3:30, Oregon Home Missionary Society; 7:30, Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. J. T. Marsh; 8:00, Sermon by Rev. F. R. Marvin, Subject—"Congregational Polity."

Saturday.—9 A. M., Devotional Exercises, led by Rev. G. A. Rockwood; 9:30 to 11, Reports of Special Work; "Seamen," Chaplain Stubbs; "Indian Missions," Rev. M. Eells; "Deaf Mutes," Rev. P. S. Knight; 11 to 12, Reports of Committees; 2:00 P. M., Sabbath-schools, discussion led by T. W. Walters, Colfax, W. T.; 3:00, How to build up Churches, discussian led by G. H. Atkinson, D. D; 4:00, Report of Committees; 7:00, Foreign Missions, Rev. C. Eells, Chairman. Address by Rev. D. B. Gray.

Sunday.—11:00 Communion Sermon, Rev. E. Gerry, followed by the Lord's Supper; 3:00 P. M., Children's Meeting; 7:30, The Home Missionary Work; the Field, the Obstacles, the Help.

The Association voted last year that the churches of Washington and Oregon be invited to take up a collection on the First Sabbath in July for the purpose of settling all liabilities incurred by the Association.

A full delegation from the churches is cordially invited. All intending to attend the Association are requested to send in their names on or before June 30th to Rev. N. F. Cobleigh, that places of entertainment may be assigned them.

On the O. R. & N. and North Pacific routes, delegates will pay full fare to Walla Walla and returning, the Agent at Walla Walla, and Wallula Junction will make a reduction of 80 per cent. off return trip, and the Or. & California R. R. will grant like tickets from Portland homeward; but delegates must present their return certificates at their office in Portland.

UNION RIDGE, W. T.—We have here a live church—Presbyterian—about one year old; present pastor, Geo. Smath, ordained in the month of May—a young man, full of faith and the spirit of Christ; has been with us for the past eight or ten months. His earnest words, pure life, constant effort to do us good has resulted in the addition to the church of ten by profession, two by letter, myself and daughter. Her husband is one of the ten on profession. There is a marked interest manifested by those in attendance. We have on an average about sixty persons. The upper room where we worship is the school-room, and it is filled every Sabbath. There are but few people in the place, but think the majority are church-goers. We have formed a temperance society, and have fifty-three pledged to total abstinence. We have named it the "Union Ridge Rechabites." Our pastor is President, and he has given us several lectures on temperance. Your humble servant has given two. We mean, by the grace of God, to bar the doors against the enemy of the Church, the home, society and the soul, so far as it concerns our little place.

I think we have about twenty-five church members at present. Pray for the success of the good work in church and temperance society, that the banner of the Lord flung to the breeze in this vineyard of the Lord may float over a church and people united in heart, faith and practice, and whose labors may result in much good, and redound to his glory. N. G. A. S.

PACIFIC GROVE, Monterey June 22, 1883.

ED. OF THE PACIFIC: Allow me to call the attention of your readers to the approaching Summer Assembly of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles, which convenes at Pacific Grove on the eve of July 4th, and remains in session ten days. It presents a most attractive programme, literary, Scientific, and musical. The corps of lecturers includes some of the most eminent men on this coast, and the Executive Committee will spare no pains to make the assembly a grand success. The charms of Pacific Grove need no advertising, and the C. L. S. C. feels that it offers its friends a rare combination of pleasures in its annual gathering on this pine-clad, wave-washed coast.

C. P. R. R. fares are extremely low for the summer months between San Francisco and Monterey.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—A church of eight members has been organized at El Cajon, about 16 miles from San Diego.——Another church, of eighteen members, has been organized at Pomona, about 30

miles from Los Angeles.——Another h. s been organized at Santa Paula, in Ventura county.

METHODIST.—The Georgetown church has received twenty accessions on probation as a result of the labors of Mr. Hemus, the New Zealand evangelist.——Rev. H. J. Bland, of Richland was surprised lately. He is happier and richer.——Rev. B. Chappell of British Columbia has been in this city, en route to the East.

METHODIST SOUTH.—On Missionary Day in Ukiah a call was made for $52-.60. In a few minutes, $55.45 was raised.——Many additions to the churches in the Linden Circuit have taken place lately.

Temperance.

There will be grand temperance demonstrations in many parts of the State on and about July 4th.——Miss Willard's trip in Oregon has been eminently successful. From all quarters of the coast the cry comes, "Why was her visit so short?" ——"Thirty days in God's great temple at Camp Meeker, Russian River, 160 miles free ride for Sunday-schools and Bands of Hope," is the announcement of the Fifth Annual Temperance Camp-meeting. Dr. Jewell will be the orator of the day. G. B. Katzenstein, Esq., Judge Thompson, Mrs. M. E. Richardson, and other well-known temperance workers, we understand, are to be present.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The religious work of the Association is in a very flourishing condition, and the noonday prayer meetings are increasing in numbers and interest, notwithstanding the vacation season.

The meetings the past week have been some of the most interesting held during the year, and a large number of strangers have been present, and participated in the services.

No Christian man or woman should visit San Francisco without making an effort to be present at the noon day meeting, for truly the Spirit of the Master is present, and it is a precious place to spend an hour.

Mr. Albert G. Sheahan, the assistant Secretary, returned from the East Tuesday, the 19th, and is now at his post of duty.

The regular monthly Business Meeting and Reunion of the Working Committee will be held at the building Thursday evening next, June 28th.

An effort is being made by the Association to secure a large number of first-class boarding-houses and furnished rooms, a record of which will be accessible at all times, at the desk of the assistant Secretary, for the purpose of directing young men who are constantly applying to him for information in this direction.

A hotel and boarding-house register has been kept by the Association for the past two years, but the demand has been so great that they are now obliged to enlarge their field of operation in this direction.

Parties keeping boarding-houses and furnished rooms to let are requested to send their name and address with price of board and rooms to the building, 232 Sutter street.

It is very important that young men coming to the city should be directed to comfortable and proper boarding-houses.

Letter from a Veteran.

DETROIT, June 18, 1883.

DEAR BROTHER: I write as our nest is again stirred up and the Lord is leading us again to Chicago, this time (D. V.) to enjoy the Jubilee of the church of my planting in 1833—the mother church of that great city of 600,000 people.

I wonder that I and Mrs. Porter are spared to see the wonders God has wrought since Gen. Scott and Captain Abraham Lincoln were fighting Black Hawk in Illinois in 1832, as Gen. Crook is now defending Arizona from Indian raids; wonders all the way from the Garden City to the Golden Gate—so please change the address of my *Pacific*, which affords us great pleasure as we read of the good hand of our God upon your churches and pastors.

Yours in the Lord,
JEREMIAH PORTER.

"The Prayer of a Man Overwhelmed by his Sins" was the subject at the noon meeting one day last week. And how many such men there are in this city, troubled, overwhelmed with trouble, often in despair! These summer days are not enjoyed by them. The fog and cold winds that come in upon us at times are not so cold and dismal as many troubled hearts along these streets. These troubles are not always recognized as sins against God; they are troubles brought on by circumstances, by debts, by afflictions or ungoverned appetites or some other troublers. Men thus overwhelmed find some relief in employment. "Oh, how unutterably miserable I should be," says one, "if I were not so busy." Dissipation is the resort of others. Various are the ways to get surcease of sorrow, to keep the head above the billows of trouble that would overwhelm the poor weary voyager over the troubled sea of life. Into God's book the man looks. He goes into the meeting for prayer and praise. The songs and the words of others give him some comfort. Thank God for the social and religious surroundings, the books and meetings, and converse with the pure and intelligent and cultured. But these are all unequal to the want. The man overwhelmed by his troubles (which he must recognize as sins) needs to pray—pray as the Psalmist prayed (Ps. cxxx):

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, Lord. Lord, hear my voice! Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications."

"If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? but there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord. My soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for thee, Lord, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him there is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities."

Precious psalm, precious experience of him who here gave utterance to his own experience and the experience of thousands who have found relief from overwhelming troubles in prayer to God. The Psalmist prayed; he believed in prayer to an Almighty God who heard and answered. He had not the semblance, but the reality of prayer, and he outrode the storm of trouble. The billows did not engulf him. He reached home at last. And we must pray, pray, pray—not say the words only, not meditation sweet with our own souls upon high and holy themes, but talking to God, pleading with him, crying to him, finding him and getting a reply from him. There is nothing more lacking and more needful to us poor sinners than genuine, constant communion with the unseen God.

Vermont Prohibition.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION SOLVED.

This is a State that has come nearer a practical solution of the liquor question, so far as the prohibition features of the case are concerned, than any State in the Union. The prohibitory law here is very severe, and the sentiment of the people of the State generally is one of commendable vigor. A man is not only arrested and fined, but he is compelled to say where he obtained his liquor, and is used as a witness against the seller. The sale of liquor is carried on by a town agent appointed for the purpose, who can sell it only upon the certificate of a practising physician, and a record is kept of the name of the person, the amount sold, together with the certificate upon which it is sold. Violation of the law is punishable by imprisonment in the State's Prison for a term of years. The result is that in over 8 per cent. of the towns of this State the sale of liquor as a beverage is practically unknown.

In the larger towns, like Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Brattleboro and Montpelier, there is some laxity, and liquor can be purchased at the hotels by travelers, and by some of the local tipplers, in whom the vender has confidence; but the hazards of the traffic reduce its evil effects to the minimum. The result is that the class upon whom the distressing influences of a comparatively unlimited traffic press with the greatest weight, are benefited by the prohibiting restrictions. Even among the poor, ragged and ill-clad children are almost unknown, and many a dollar that is earned through the week, instead of reaching the rum-seller's till on Saturday night, is expended for shoes for the wife or a frock for the baby. It is a fact that no one can dispute that in no State of the Uninon are the laboring classes so well housed, clothed and fed as in Vermont, and this is due solely to the fact that by a rigid prohibitory law, the earnings of the laborer are not squandered for intoxicants.

Another effect of this legal restriction, and one quite as important, is that the prohibition sentiment of the State is being constantly strengthened. The young grow up regarding the violation of the liquor law as wrong, like the infraction of any other statute. A rum-seller is regarded more and more as a criminal, and is ostracised accordingly. A man would be laughed at who would talk here about a respectable saloon or a respectable rum-dealer. You will hear, in Vermont, little said about personal liberty, for the traffic has so long been under the ban that the privilege of getting drunk is looked upon not as a right, but as a thing to be prevented. Nor is it true, as a rule, that the drinking of liquor has been transferred from the saloons to the closets of private houses. In my many calls upon friends of twenty years ago, in this State, at their own homes, in no single instance has the decanter been produced or mentioned. For over thirty years Vermont has had a rigid prohibitory law, and there is not a saloon in the State. If any one thinks prohibition does not prohibit, let him make a tour of the State and see. The result is that there is less crime, pauperism and distress in Vermont than in any other State. Its churches are larger and its schools are better attended than in any other similarly populated region upon the globe. Its poorer classes are less poor, and its laborers are more thrifty and prosperous, than in any State in the Union. With all her faults, Vermont has set an example that any of her sister commonwealths might follow to the benefit of their people and the prosperity of the State.—["Traveler," in Lever.]

The Butcher Humbled.

At Madeley, England, there occurred, under the ministry of John Fletcher, the following remarkable incident:

An ungodly, furious butcher was so enraged at his wife's attending church whenever she had opportunities that he threatened to cut her throat if she did not leave off going. One Sunday morning, when she came down dressed ready for church, her husband said, "Well, I shall not, as I intended, cut your throat; but I will heat the oven, and throw you into it when you return." She went to church, nevertheless; and, strangely enough, the sermon which Mr. Fletcher had prepared went from him past recovery. When he was afraid that he would be obliged to leave the pulpit without uttering a word, there came into his mind the narrative of the three Hebrews who were cast into the fiery furnace. On this narrative he enlarged with a freedom and fulness which convinced him that there must be some peculiar reason for it. The "needs be," as he afterward discovered, was that a poor, timorous soul required just the very aid to her faith which the sermon supplied. She even *hastened* home to go into the fiery furnace. When she got to her own door, she saw the flames issuing out of the mouth of the oven, and expected nothing else but to be thrown in. But, to her amazement, on entering she found her husband on his knees wrestling with God for the forgiveness of his sins! He caught his wife in his arms, and begged her pardon for the cruel wrong he had contemplated. "I know now," Mr. Fletcher said, when he heard the story, "why my sermon was taken from me."

God's Plan for You.

Go to God himself and ask for the calling of God; for as certainly as he has a plan or calling for you, he will somehow guide you into it. And this is the proper office and work of his Spirit. By this private teaching he can show us, and will, into the very plan that is set for us. And this is the significance of what is prescribed as our duty, namely, living and walking in the Spirit; for the Spirit of God is a kind of universal presence, or inspiration, in the world's bosom; an unfailing inner light, which, if we accept and live in, we are guided thereby into a consenting choice, so that what God wills for us we also will for ourselves, settling into it as the needle to the pole. By this hidden union with God, or intercourse with him, we get a wisdom or insight deeper than we know ourselves—a sympathy, a oneness with the divine will and love. We go into the very plan of God for us, and are led along in it by him, consenting, co-operating, answering to him we know not how, and working out, with nicest exactness, that good end for which his unseen counsel girded us and sent us into the world. In this matter, not neglecting other methods, but gathering in all their separate lights, to be interpreted in the higher light of the Spirit, we can never be greatly at a loss to find our way into God's counsel and plan. The duties of the present moment we shall meet as they rise, and these will open a gate into the next, and we shall thus pass on, trustingly and securely, almost never in doubt as to what God calls us to do.—[Horace Bushnell.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Cambridge and Oxford.

During the month of November of last year these honored evangelists executed very successful missions in the cities above named. The following account given in the *Undergraduates' Journal*, of the address of Canon Wilberforce during the concluding service in the Corn Exchange in Oxford, will deeply interest and instruct our readers.

"Most people in Oxford are more or less familiar with the fervid character of the Canon's eloquence, and on this occasion it was evident that he was speaking under considerable emotion. His address was a powerful plea for throwing off coldness and formalism, a denunciation of trusting in mere creeds, sacraments or externals, and a stirring testimony to the truth of what Mr. Moody had been urging upon the previous meeting. It seemed to him that many looked upon the Redeemer as a dead Christ, and sought him in the tomb, not in the heaven to which he had risen. The living Jesus was in that hall, and able to save to the utmost all who come to him; and all that was required was that men should believe this to realize the fact in their happy experience. Instead of trusting in forms, however good, or unceremonial, however time honored, let them trust in Christ, by whom alone they can be saved. They heard a great deal about sensationalism, and it was widely sneered at, but he did not know that any one could be saved through intellect—'with the heart man believeth unto righteousness.' They were squabbling about Christian evidences and the credibility of miracles, without coming to any conclusion, while miracles of conversion and evidences of holy life—the only testimony which could not be gainsaid—were occurring around them every day.

"Let them criticise as they would, a mighty wave of spiritual awakening, and a wide-spread stirring up of the dry bones, were seen in all directions, and they might as well doubt their existence as argue against its genuineness. They might say it was excitement, but he could give them endless instances to show that it was a great deal more. Excitement there was, no doubt, and must necessarily be where men and women are in earnest about their souls, but it was, he thanked God, far more than mere passionate emotion. Some of the small tradesmen of Bristol were wondering what had come over their customers. In consequence of a change of heart, working men were going to their creditors, and paying up old scores which had been written off the books; drunkards were becoming sober men; wife-beaters were learning to be good husbands and fathers. They could have very little idea of the fiery temptations that assailed people of that class, or of the supreme effort necessary to overcome those temptations."—[Divine Life.

A Beautiful Testimony.

William Cullen Bryant wrote, just before he was released from earth to put on immortality:

"This character, of which Christ was the perfect model, is in itself so attractive, so altogether lovely, that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truths which he taught and the sufferings he endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would be without him. Take away the blessing of the advent of his life and the blessing purchased by his death, in what abyss of guilt would man have been left! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost and darkness.

"In my view of the life, the teachings, the labors and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep of which he is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for him is so cold, and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside his teachings as a delusion, to turn men's eyes from his example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of his life. For my part, if I thought that the religion of skepticism were to gather strength and prevail and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are yet to come."

In the morning of his career, while not yet out of his teens, Mr. Bryant composed his "Thanatopsis," a view of death. It is solemn, awful in its solemnity, cheered by no rays of mortal hope, all death, death of all, sublime but dreadful. He grows in years and wisdom; his mind expands with knowledge and truth; his heart is touched with the love of God and his Son Jesus Christ. He asked to be baptized, and to be permitted to receive the emblems of "the sufferings he endured for our sakes." No longer is the future black.—[Ex.

Kindness.

A poor old soldier used to play on the violin every evening in the public gardens of a great city. Beside him sat his faithful dog, holding in his mouth his master's cap for the coppers of the passers-by. One evening the poor man, who was bowed down with age, was sadly grieved. No one had stopped to listen to his music; there was not a single coin in his cap. He sat down on a stone and covered his face with his hands. Just then a gentleman came up to him, and taking pity on the poor old man he said, "Let me play on your fiddle a little while;" he then tuned it with great care, and added, "While I play, you will take the money." And he did play! A crowd of eager listeners soon gathered around the player. Not coppers only, but silver also was dropped into the old soldier's cap. Indeed, the dog began to growl at its great weight. "Who is it?" was asked by every one. He was one of the most famous violin players in the world, who was thus using his skill to help a poor old soldier. When this became known, the crowd cheered the violin player. The old man looked up in wonder, and asked God's blessing on his friend.

It would be hard to say who was the happier that night—the old soldier placed for many a day above want—or the great violin player who felt in his heart the joy of having done a good deed.—[Irish Christian Advocate.

Religion in Business.

The pressing need of our faith is Christian men consecrating their worldly vocations to Christ, that religion with its duties become an integral part of themselves, and powerful to keep them from sin—not by taking them out of the world, but by making them victorious over it. He is the most worthy disciple of Christ who manifests holiness as "the right use of a man's whole self"—as the one thing that gives dignity and nobility to that which is earthly, as the mainspring of earnest and successful strivings after loftier ends; and a purer life, as the power outside of and within a man, which, lifting up conduct in the individual, raises the community. Every man who is "diligent in business, serving the Lord," is a sermon brimful of the energies of life and truth, a witness to the comprehensiveness and adaptability of the religion of Jesus, a preacher of righteousness where none can preach so effectively or so well.—[Irish Christian Advocate.

Insecure Lives.

A New York daily discourses on this theme and refers to notable cases. The Turkish Sultan has his carriage plated like a gun-boat; the Khedive is protected by English troops; The Zulu King has a bark of artillery for his security; the Emperor William has "a small army to protect him" when he appears in public; Queen Victoria enters and leaves a railway station through lines of Life Guards, and has an engine dispatched ahead of her train to anticipate danger, while her daughter Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, ask for an armed guard while passing through a part of our land. It notes the fact of a lady appearing in a blaze of diamonds, shadowed by a detective who was hired to shield her from violence. So our railroad kings have "armed men at their heels and on guard over their palatial residences. Some contemplate the policy of putting iron shutters on their windows, as did the Duke of Wellington at the time of the London riots." Political power and personal wealth pay high taxes. Who should envy there possessors!—[Herald and Presbyter.

Judge Underwood, of Georgia, was once asked by his son John for a letter recommending him to Governor Crawford, and gave it. John posted to the Governor, but, knowing his father, thought he would open the letter before presenting it. Judge of his surprise when he read the following:—

My Dear Friend: This will be handed you by my son John. He has the greatest thirst for an office, with the least capacity to fill one, of any boy I ever saw.

Yours truly, W. H. UNDERWOOD.

It was of this John, who was noted for his facility in changing his politics, that his father, on being asked, "What are John's politics?" said: "Really, I can't tell. I've not seen the boy since breakfast."

In 1876 there were but 1,870 theological students in Germany; now there are 3,707 Protestants and 758 Catholics.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is the only State in Europe where the Bible is forbidden by law to be sold.

The total contributions to the eight Boards of the Presbyterian Church were $1,584,962, an advance of $171,167 over the previous year.

Grace church, at the corner of Broadway and Tenth streets, N. Y., is to have a marble spire 230 feet in height, surmounted by an illuminated cross.

The four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, is to be celebrated by the reformed churches of Switzerland, January 1, 1884.

Mrs. Charles Butler, of Great Barrington, Mass., has given $60,000 for the erection of an Episcopal church building in Stockbridge, Mass., her native town.

The St. Louis Y. M. C. Association has commenced holding open-air meetings. Six will be held in different parts of the city.

Suleiman Daud, the fanatic rebel, who assisted in setting fire to Alexandria the day after the bombardment, was executed in the ruins of the great square on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stone has given a large lot of land near Nineteenth and K streets, Washington, and $25,000 in money, for the erection and maintenance of a home for needy widows of the Protestant Episcopal church.

God walks with the simple; he reveals himself to the lowly; he gives understanding to the little ones; he discloses his meaning to pure minds, and hides his grace from the curious and proud.—[Thomas A. Kempis.

The Methodist church in Gardiner, Maine, has received a bequest of $2,000 conditional on their holding no festivals, fairs, or levees in the church forever. In case of a forfeit, the bequest passes to the city for the benefit of the poor.

The annual necrology of Andover Seminary includes an unusually large number of names, 30 regular graduates and 15 non-graduates. The average age was 67 years 3 months. The oldest living graduate is Rev. Herman Halsey of the class of 1815.

Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., one of the Secretaries of the American Board was so fatigued by his journey to Constantinople that he was compelled to abandon a proposed trip to Broosa and Samokoo with the other delegates, going with them only as far to Symrna.

A professor who got very angry at the interruptions of a working man while he was explaining the operation of a machine in a factory strolled away in a huff, and asked another man: "Who is that fellow that pretends to know more than I do about that instrument?" "Oh, he is the man that invented it," was the answer.

"Captain, we are entirely out of ammunition," said the orderly-sergeant of a company to an Irish captain in one of the regiments of the Union army at the battle of the Wilderness. "Antirely out?" said the captain. "Yes, entirely out." "Then sase firing!" said the captain.

The contract for cutting a long tunnel through the Siskiyou mountains, on the extention of the Oregon and California Railroad, has been awarded to parties in this city. The tunnel is to be 3,100 feet long, and the price per foot paid for constructing will be $69. It is to be completed one year from October next.

Burlington, Iowa, celebrated its semi-centennial June 1, commemorating the treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians of June 1, 1883, which gave to the whites most of the present State of Iowa. Iowa was admitted into the Union in 1846 with a population of 116,000. It is now an enterprising and prosperous State with a population of 1,600,000.

Father Mahoney, of St. John's Cathedral in Milwaukee, has boldly told his people that the citizens who oppose Mayor Stowell in his war against the saloons are covering themselves with infamy, and that he could not conscientiously administer the sacraments to any saloon keeper who refuses to obey the commands of the Church or the laws of the State concerning the welfare of their city.

An efficient minister is known by the unity, activity and working efficiency of the church that he serves. The world judges him in that way. If a church is seeking a pastor who will build them up and do them good, let them inquire after the state of the church he is leaving; not merely, Can he preach a few great sermons, but, Is he an efficient, pious pastor, who keeps his people joyful in God, and full of the spirit of work for the salvation of those who live near them?—[Rev. A. Atwood.

There are 279 Protestant Sunday-schools in Kings county, N. Y., most of which are in Brooklyn, with a total membership of 100,597, and an average attendance last year of 57,762. Of these, fourteen have a membership of 18,547, exceeding 1,000 each, and fifty-one have each between 500 and 1,000. Though there are fifty-two mission schools, not one-half of the 220,000 residents between five and twenty-one years of age belong to any school.

Thomas had been a carpenter; but, owing to dullness in his trade, he engaged as footman at the "big hoose" in the village. On the day of his engagement, his mistress, having a lady visitor in the drawing-room, rang the bell for the footman. "You will show this lady to the front door, Thomas," she said. "Yes, mem," replied Thomas; and, bowing to the lady, he requested her to follow him. On coming to the door, Thomas opened it; and the lady was about to pass out, when Thomas, tapping her on the shoulder, remarked: "This is the door, mem. Guid pitch pine in't, framed twa and a half inches thick with raised mouldings. Wad cost about twa pound ten, mem."

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried and polished and glorified in the furnace of tribulation.—[St. Augustine.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—[Phillips Brooks.

A gentleman in Vermont has an old Liberty cent, found on a farm in Danville, Vermont, which is dated 1783. Who has an older one?

Christ comes with a blessing in each hand, forgiveness in one and holiness in the other, and never gives either to any who will not take both.

St. Bernard says: "The detractor carries the devil in his mouth; so he who hearkeneth to him may be equally said to carry the devil in his ear."

Happy the heart to whom God has given enough strength and courage to suffer patiently and find one's own happiness in the happiness of others.—[Colton.

Experience is the Lord's school; and they who are taught by him usually learn by the mistakes they make that they have no wisdom, and by the slips and falls they meet with, that they have no strength.—[John Newton.

The bane of our life is discontent. We say we will work so long, and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find it just as Thackeray has expressed it: "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy. It was a shilling; I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy."—[Robert Collyer.

Married.

SADDLEMIRE—LAMB.—In Oakland, Cal., June 23, 1883, by Prof. J. A. Benton, D. D., Denison C. Saddlemire to Sophia E. Lamb, both of Temescal.

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Miscellany

Evening Song.*

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Be still, my soul, and rest this night
In quiet on thy Father's breast;
'Tis He can make thy burdens light;
'Tis He can still thy heart's unrest.
He knows thy every care,
He hears thy faintest prayer.
Then, when things seem to go most ill,
Just trust in Him and be thou still.

How short the range of mortal eye!
The very hour that nearest lies
We may not see; yet, still on high,
Above the mists of earthly skies,
Our Father we behold,
Now reigning as of old.
The universe, above, below,
His guiding hand doth feel and know.

Then, in Thy hands, Father, I'll lay
All that I am and e'er would be;
Take Thou each anxious thought away
And make my spirit glad and free.
Father, I cling to Thee.
And when my faith grows faint and weak,
Give grace Thy help and strength to seek.

O Thou who Thine own Son spared not,
Wilt Thou not "all things" with Him give?
Thou offerest e'en when unsought
Blessings anew each day we live.
On Thee, then I'll rely,
And joy that Thou art nigh.
And this my prayer shall ever be,
That Thou wilt ne'er depart from me.

*Translated from the German of Schoner, by J. V. S., Reval.

The Greatest Needs of the Working Class.

An editorial in the July *Century* says: "It would seem that the working classes, in their endeavor to improve their lot in life, have largely misdirected their efforts, by seeking too exclusively to increase their income instead of trying to get more happiness out of the income they now receive. For a generation past, the workingmen of all civilized countries have striven by every means they could devise to raise their wages, in the evident belief that wages could be raised even in opposition to economic forces and natural laws, and in the further belief that a sufficient increase in their income was the one thing needful to make them happy. In these endeavors, too, they have had the sympathy, and, so far as possible, the assistance of their friends in the higher ranks of society; and so exclusively have the efforts of both been turned in this direction that the 'labor question' has come to be almost synonymous with the question of raising wages.

"Now it is certainly desirable that the incomes of the mass of men should be increased wherever an increase is possible, and it is especially desirable in the case of manual laborers, whose present incomes are so small. But it is clear to all instructed minds that the machinery of trades unions and strikes, and schemes for State aid to industry, and all the other devices that have been proposed to increase the laborer's earnings can do comparatively little toward accomplishing their purpose, and the history of the past thirty years shows very clearly that they have done but little."

In the course of the article, the editor remarks as follows: "It seems to us that what the workingmen most need, for the present, at least, is to learn better how to use the income they now receive. Of course, if a man only earns enough to furnish himself and family with the bare necessaries of life, he can do little toward improving his lot till he has more pecuniary means. But many workingmen earn more than enough for the necessaries of life, and are able to procure some of the comforts and even luxuries also. But in choosing the kind of comforts and luxuries they will enjoy, the mass of workingmen are apt to show little wisdom; and it is here that the greatest improvement in their affairs is to be looked for. They are apt, especially the more ignorant of them, to prefer the coarser pleasures to the more refined, and the transient to the enduring; and it seems to us that by the choice of higher and more enduring pleasures, their happiness can be best promoted."

A Dangerous Toy.

The Fourth of July is close at hand, when the very air will crackle with reports of the toy pistol. It is *so* safe, many ignorant persons think, because it carries neither shot nor bullet.

As I tried it once, I can tell you about it. First, I twisted one of the caps around a match, and set the match on fire. When the flame reached the paper cap there was a little explosion. Suddenly I felt a stinging sensation in my hand, and, on looking at it, I found several tiny black splinters sticking in the skin. I pulled them out, but I felt the pain some time afterward. Then I placed a cap on the hearth and struck it with a hammer. This time I was well scared, and kept my hands as far away as I could. When it went off I felt the same stinging sensation in my left hand, which was more than two feet away. I had been struck again by a flying splinter.

This thing was getting decidedly dangerous, and when I took up the pistol to try it, I carefully wrapped my right hand in my handkerchief. It went off beautifully, but—ah! There was the mischief! The handkerchief was dotted here and there with the black splinters from the exploded cap.

The insane desire of the small boy to carry a pistol is one of the wonders of the age; and the worse than folly of those who allow him to do so is almost incredible. Of what use is it? If the pistol will not go off, it is, as its owner would scornfully express it, "no good." If it does go off, it is a dangerous weapon that has power to maim and kill.

Did you ever think what it means to kill—to take away life? Who shall do so dire and terrible a thing as that? Are you fit to have a pistol? Are you wise enough to carry a revolver? No, sir. It is against the law in some States to carry pistols. Why, then, should you wish a toy-pistol, that will shoot nothing but the boy who holds it? If you live in the backwoods, and have to fight the terrible wild crow or the ferocious chipmunk, you may learn to use a good rifle. In cities and towns, where the most terrific wild beasts to be seen are the cats, a boy who carries a pistol is a boy without sense—a boy whom girls despise and brave boys call a coward.—[St. Nicholas.

American Bible Society.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House on Thursday, June 7th, President Wells Williams, LL. D., in the chair.

Religious services were conducted by the Rev. W. W. Atterbury.

The decease of James Lenox Banks, M. D., one of the Managers of the Society, was announced, and an appreciative minute concerning him was unanimously adopted and placed upon the records of the Board.

By request of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, appropriations of funds were made to the amount of $5,181, to promote the publication of a new edition of the Hawaiian Bible in portable form.

Grants of books were made for benevolent distribution to the value of about $12,000, of which $10,000 was for the colportage department.

Secretary Hunt made a statement to the Board concerning the cordial reception granted to him by the Presbyterian General Assembly at Lexington, Ky.

Two Bible societies in Nebraska, two in West Virginia, and one each in Alabama, California, Texas and Dakota, were recognized as auxiliary.

The total receipts for May were $42,440.95. The issues of the Scriptures for May were 115,950.

Origin of Lyte's Hymn, "Abide with Me."

About forty years ago Wilson, in his "Noctes Ambrosianæ," says: "Have you seen a little volume entitled, 'Tales of Verse,' by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, which seems to have reached a second edition? Now, that is the right kind of religious poetry." And the Christian world has unanimously agreed that Wilson was right. No finer religious poetry has ever been given to the world, or poetry that was more uplifting in its every line, than that of the obscure country rector—obscure while living, but famous since his death. He was born of gentle blood, at Kelso, in June, 1793, but owing to narrow means was compelled to struggle hard for his education. He graduated from his studies with honor, however, and settled down into a "dreary Irish curacy," where he toiled until compelled by ill-health to resign. He finally settled at Brixham, where he toiled for twenty years under many a cloud of pastoral difficulty and discouragement. While here he wrote the beautiful hymn which is known by all Christians, of whatever denomination. It contains eight verses. The first line will recall the whole:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide."

This hymn was the last poetic utterance of Lyte, written as the shadows of the dark valley were closing his labors on earth. Though he was, as he says, scarcely "able to crawl," he made one more attempt to preach and to administer the Holy Communion. "O brethren!" said he, "I can speak feelingly, experimentally on this point; and I stand before you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all—by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, and a dependence on the death of, Christ." Many tearful eyes witnessed the distribution of the sacred elements as given out by one who was already standing with one foot in the grave. Having given, with his dying breath, a last adieu to his surrounding flock, he retired to his chamber, fully aware of his near approach to the end of time. As the evening of the sad day gathered its darkness, he handed to a near and dear relative this immortal hymn, with music accompanying which he had prepared:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

"Swift to its close, ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay on all around I see,
O Thou who changest not, abide with me."

The Master did abide with him the few more days he spent on earth. His end is described as that of the "happy Christian poet, singing while strength lasted"; and while entering the dark valley, pointing upwards with smiling countenance, he whispered, "Peace, joy!"—[Epis. Reg.

The Children in Church.

"Here am I and the children thou hast given me." That is well. That is as it should be. The children at church, and in the family pew. They understand more than you suppose; and they are solemnly impressed by the occasion, even if they cannot understand the sermon. "But they will get so tired, going to church and then to Sunday-school." Not so very tired as you suppose. The seats in church are much easier than their seats in school. They rise up and change posture during singing. The service is only about an hour and a quarter long. Then comes a recess to go into Sunday-school. Then, only about an hour there, and no such hard study as at school. Really, do you see? Any half-day at school is more severe than a whole service at church, including the Sunday-school. Besides, if they cannot attend both, the Sunday-school can be omitted. Our very best Sunday-school workers will tell you that the Church is worth more to the children than the School. If he can have but the one, give him the Church. But do not be whimsical; he can have both. It will not hurt him. Bring the children.—[Central Church.

A Brave Girl.

In the year 1781, while Clinton and Washington were watching each other's movements near New York, General Schuyler, having resigned his command on account of some unjust charges against him, was staying at his house, which then stood alone outside the stockade, or wall, of Albany. The British commander, therefore, seeing his opportunity, sent out John Walter Meyer, with a party of Tories and Indians, to capture General Schuyler.

When they arrived at the outskirts of the city, they learned from a Dutch laborer that the General's house was guarded by six soldiers. The Dutchman, the minute the band was out of sight, took to his legs, and warned the General of their approach.

Soon after, a servant announced that there was a strange man at the back door who wished to see the General.

Schuyler, understanding the trap, gathered his family in one of the upper rooms, and giving orders that the doors and windows be barred, fired a pistol from one of the top-story windows to alarm the neighborhood.

The guards, who had been lounging in the shade of a tree, started to their feet at the sound of the pistol; but alas, too late! for they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of dusky figures, who bound them hand and foot before they had time to resist.

And now you can imagine the little group collected in that dark room upstairs; the sturdy General, standing resolutely by the door, with his gun in his hand, and his black slaves gathered around him, each with some weapon; and at the other end of the room, the women huddled together, some weeping, some praying. Suddenly, a crash is heard which chills the very blood, and brings vividly to each one's mind the tales of Indian massacres so common at that day. The band had broken in at one of the windows.

At that moment, Mrs. Schuyler, springing to her feet, rushed to the door; for she remembered that the baby, only a few months old, having been forgotten in the hurry of flight, was asleep in its cradle on the first floor. But the General, catching her in his arms, told her that her life was of more value than the child's, and that, if any one must go, he would. While, however, this generous struggle was going on, their third daughter, gliding past them, was soon at the side of the cradle.

All was as black as night in the hall, except for a small patch of light just at the foot of the stairs. This came from the dining-room, where the Indians could be seen pillaging the shelves, pulling down the china, and quarreling with one another over their ill-gotten booty.

How to get past this spot was the question, but the girl did not hesitate. She reached the cradle unobserved, and was just darting back with her precious burden when, by ill luck, one of the savages happened to see her. Whiz! went his sharp tomahawk within a few inches of the baby's head and, cleaving an edge of the brave girl's dress, stuck deep into the stair-rail.

Just then one of the Tories, seeing her flit by, and supposing her to be a servant, called her: "Wench, wench, where is your master?" She, stopping for a moment, called back, "Gone to alarm the town!" and, hurrying on, was soon safe again with her father upstairs.

And now, very nearly all the plunder having been secured, the band was about to proceed to the real object of the expedition, when the General, raising one of the upper windows, called out in lusty tones, as if commanding a large body of men: "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house! Secure the villains who are plundering!" The cowards knew that voice, and they each and every one of them took to the woods as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving the General in possession of the field.

The old Schuyler house looks now as it looked then; except that the back wing for the slaves has been torn down, and some few alterations have been made around the place; but when you are shown the house, you can still see the dent in the stair-rail made by that Indian's hatchet more than a hundred years ago.—[St. Nicholas.

"Death, or Deep Water."

A vessel was once approaching Liverpool. Night was drawing near, the sky was cloudy, and there were tokens of a gathering storm. The captain did not seem to understand his business, and managed to get his vessel away down on the flats, where it was in imminent danger of being wrecked. A pilot started out to board the ship. He would have been glad to have avoided the job, but it was his turn, and he must go where duty called. The pilot-boat came alongside, and the pilot jumped into the chains, sprang on deck, and said to the captain: "What have you brought your ship down here for? Call all hands aft." They came, and he said: "Now, boys, it's death, or deep water! Hoist the mainsail!" The men saw at once there was work to be done, and a pilot on board who knew his business. They sprang to their places with a will, and, by putting forth their best exertions, they saved the ship.

Are there not too many Christians who are out of the channel, and drifting on to the shoals of worldliness and pride and indifference, who need to hear the faithful Pilot's voice crying out, "Now, boys, its death, or deep water"? A mere theoretical knowledge of divine things will never avail us when the night of wrath and the storms of Judgment gather on the world. A dead faith will not save us from shipwreck. If we are to make the heavenly port, we must find safer sailing than can be found among the shoals and quicksands of empty professions and religious formalism. Let us heed the Pilot's voice, and endeavor, by God' grace assisting us, to launch forth into deep water, and make sure work, both for time and eternity. "Wherefore, the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure.—*Selected.*

Faith and patience are among the graces the Christian should possess, but how many are sadly lacking in these qualifications!

"It is the little bits of things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we can dodge an elephant, but we kan't a fly."

Since we are so easily effected by our surroundings, it is important that they be of such a character as shall effect us both pleasantly and profitably.

Some pastors deem themselves eminently faithful because many dislike them. It would be as sensible to claim that only that which produces nausea is healthful.

Rainy days make us appreciate bright ones; after clouds we enjoy sunshine. Many blessings are so common, that they are appreciated only after we are deprived of them.

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jun13-tf

Home Circle.

CROSSING JORDAN.

The mighty Jordan's flood,
Rolls on in front, by turbid waters swelled,
That long amid the mountain heights had stood,
In icy bondage held.

But 'tis the Lord's command,
"Arise, ye priests, and still move on before,
Bearing the ark, even till your feet shall stand
On this proud river's shore.

"And where the ark shall lead,
Follow, ye tribes, but move with holy fear,
With reverened silence follow, and take heed
That ye approach not near.

"For ye shall see this day
The outstretched arm of your protecting God,
And he shall lead you in a wondrous way
Ye ne'er before have trod."

The tribes obedient move;
The floods that downward flow subside and die,
And Israel finds to Canaan's promised shore
A passage safe and dry.

So o'er this mortal scene
Heavenward let us still follow Christ, our ark,
Nor stand dismayed, though Jordan roll between
His waters deep and dark.

For while with trusting heart
We look to him, our guardian and our guide,
The swelling waters of that flood shall part,
And more and more subside.

And nearer draws the hour
That sees at last our pilgrim wanderings cease;
Its terrors more and more shall lose their power,
Till all is joy and peace.

—*Small.*

Incidents in a Philosopher's Boyhood.

Prof. Joseph Henry, one of the most eminent of American scientists, died May 13, 1878. On Thursday, the 19th day of last month, his memory was honored by the unveiling, at Washington, of a magnificent bronze statue, made by W. M. Story, and costing $15,000.

Among the interesting reminiscences of his boyhood is the story of his first pair of boots—a true story, often told by himself in later years.

When he was a boy it was the universal custom to have boots made to order, and his grandmother, with whom he was living, indulgently allowed him to choose the style for himself. There was no great variety of styles. Indeed, the choice was limited to the question of round toes or square toes. Day after day Joseph went to the cobbler's and talked over the matter without coming to a decision, and this even after their manufacture was begun; until at last, the shoemaker, fairly out of patience, took the decision into his own hands, and made a most remarkable pair of boots—one boot round toed and the other square toed.

Later in life Prof. Henry often came deliberately to his decisions, with the advantage that he seldom, if ever, had occasion to abandon them.

While Joseph was a school-boy he acquired a taste for reading in this peculiar way: One day he chased a pet rabbit through an opening in the foundation wall of the village meeting-house. While crawling about among dirt and rubbish a gleam of light enticed him through the broken floor, and he found himself in a room containing the open book-case of the town library. The title of one of the books struck his fancy, and he took it down. It was Brooks' "Fool of Quality," and he read, coming again and again through the hole in the floor, until access by the door was finally granted him. From this first book that he ever read with relish, he passed on eagerly to other works of fiction in that library.

A few years later in a way almost equally as accidental, his mind was turned to an entirely different class of reading.

Confined at home by a temporary illness, he took up a book casually left on the table by a boarder, and entitled "Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy and Chemistry, Intended Chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. By G. Gregory." It began with a few questions: "You throw a stone, or shoot an arrow into the air; why does it not go forward in the line or direction you give it? * * * Why do flame or smoke always mount upward, though no force is used to send them in that direction? And why should not the flame of a candle drop toward the floor when you reverse it or hold it downward? * * * Again, you look into a well of clear water and see your own face and figure as if painted there. Why is this? You are told it is done by the reflection of light. But what is the reflection of light?"

The trifling incident of taking up this book may be said to have turned the whole course of this lad's life.

After his death this book was found in Prof. Henry's library, with the following entry upon the fly-leaf, written in his own hand:

"This book, though by no means a profound work, has, under Providence, exerted a remarkable influence upon my life. It accidentally fell into my hands when I was sixteen years old, and was the first work I ever read with attention. It opened to me a new world of thought and enjoyment; invested things before almost unnoticed with the highest interest; fixed my mind on the study of nature, and caused me to resolve at the time of reading it that I would immediately commence to devote my life to the acquisition of knowledge."

Many young men quit school at sixteen years of age. They should take a lesson from Joseph Henry, and regard education as not completed, but just begun.

The story of mankind in all ages is told in this little aphorism, attributed to a Georgia darkey: "A man that kin make a libin' playin' de fiddle ain't ap' to pester de hoe handle."

"Just as I am."

The interesting Irenæus letter in your issue of April 19th, upon Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer and his familiar hymn beginning, "My faith looks up to thee," well known in this country, and, as stated by Irenæus, included in all the leading English collections, leads me to call your attention to the testimony of the late Bishop McIlvaine to the similar influence exerted by that precious hymn by Charlotte Elliott, "Just as I am."

In the memorials of Bishop McIlvaine, by the Rev. Canon Carns, recently published, will be found, under the date of 1860, the following touching record of the Bishop in connection with the closing service with his clergy at the convention of his diocese:

"I had chosen a sweet hymn to be sung, and had it printed on cards; and I have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as my hymn, always to be sung on such occasions, and always to the same tune. It is that precious hymn by Miss Elliott, 'Just as I am, without one plea,' which so beautifully expresses the very essence of the Gospel. That hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. When I am gone I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn. I wish that all my ministry may be so associated:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to thee.
O Lamb of God, I come.'

"I have no other plea; I can come in no other way. O Lord, help me so to come, in more simplicity and strength of trust; in more of that love which true faith always works by; in more of that 'peace in believing' which strong faith imparts; in more ability to mount above the sense of my deep unworthiness, to a full embracing of thy promises; not feeling the less unworthy, but resting more in thy merits; not the less realizing how all my righteousness is but filthy rags, but more entirely putting on by faith thine own—thee, blessed Lord, who thyself art my righteousness."

Other references to the same hymn may be found in the delightful memorial volume above mentioned, and thirteen years later, when upon his death-bed in Florence, after desiring messages of love to friends, he said, "Read to me three hymns: 'Just as I am,' 'Rock of ages,' 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'" and he was filled with joy and peace.

As in the case of Dr. Palmer's hymn, Miss Elliott's has nearly had already its fifty years of life, having been written in 1836, and long ago, as stated by Miller (Singers and Songs of the church), "with its rich evangelical doctrine, its candor and simplicity, its personal confession of sin and expressions of trust, had taken a great hold upon the public mind."

Miss Elliott, as is well known, wrote this hymn upon a bed of illness, lamenting that as a confirmed invalid, she had not the power to do anything for Christ. How many it has since been instrumental in bringing to Christ; how many more it will be the means of bringing to him in years to come! How little she foresaw the lasting influence of her words, the effect of which will never cease. And may every one that reads this letter, as well as the one who writes it, not only adopt the hymn, like Bishop McIlvaine, in life, but, like him, enjoy its consolation in their dying hours.—[H. J. F., in New York Observer.

Character and Hair.

Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, along with purity and goodness. Stiff, straight black hair and beard indicate a strong rigid, straightforward character. Fine, dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibility with great force of character. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit, a stubborn and harsh character. Flat, clinging straight hair, a melancholy but extremely constant character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity of enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even smooth and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and evenness of character, hearty affections, clear and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate, sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and chararter of the owner. Crisp curly hair indicates a hasty, somewhat impetuous and rash character. White hair indicates a lymphatic and indolent constitution; and we may add that, besides these properties there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair tube, which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus red-headed people are notoriously passionate. Now, red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulpher, while black hair is colored with pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities in the temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and indications, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads.

If a person makes one heart sad each day, how many sad hearts will there be at the end of ten years? If one bitter thought is indulged in every hour, how much bitterness will the heart hold in six months? If one life is made happy by kind words and smiles, how many can we make happy during our lifetime? Some one interested in solving problems in arithmetic please answer.

The Wife of Thurlow Weed.

On the 26th of April, 1818, I was married at Cooperstown, Otsego county, to Miss Catherine Ostrander, of that place. The engagement was entered into in 1814, when we were both, in the judgment of her relaiives, too young to comprehend the responsibilities of such a step. In fact, they doubted, not without reason the propriety of confiding the welfare and happiness of their daughter to a comparative stranger, with unsettled and roving habits. We communed together on the subject, and mutually agreed to hold no intercourse either by word or letter for two or three years, when, if her mind was unchanged, she was to write to me. I immediately left Coopertown, and neither saw nor heard from her for more than three years, when a letter came informing me that time had made no change in her affections, to which I replied in similar terms.

We were married without regard to any of the prudential considerations which restrained many then, and which restrain many more now, from contracting a similar tie. I had, when the ceremony was over, just money enough to take my young wife to Albany, where, with good health, strong hands, and hopeful hearts, we both went earnestly to work to earn a living. The value of our household goods did not exceed two hundred dollars. To this fortunate marriage I am indebted for as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of man, and very largely for whatever of personal success and pecuniary prosperity I have since enjoyed. She *more* than divided our labors, cares and responsibilities. But for her industry, frugality, and good management, I must have been shipwrecked during the first fifteen years of trial. When from our changed circumstances and condition it was no longer necessary for her to pursue her laborious habits, she still insisted on performing many duties ordinarily transferred to servants. Economy, order, and a well-regulated system in household affairs were virtues which I did not possess, and their presence in her saved us from disaster.

After a severe illness of several months, just as the sun was rising one morning, and I sat watching by her bedside, she reminded me that it was the fortieth anniversary of our marriage, and taking from her finger the ring I had placed on it forty years before, she put it on mine, saying, "I shall not live through the day." We had already lost our only son seven years previously, and three daughters remained to me after my wife had followed him.[—From the "Autobiography of Thurlow Weed," soon to be published by subscription by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

New Year in The Vosges Mountains.

Toward the close of the old year in the Vosges, where all the old customs of France seem to cling like the legends of the mountain and wildwood, troops of children parade the villages, singing an old song with the well-known refrain, "*Au qui l'an neuf.*"

When the dawn has ushered in the New Year's day, the children offer their congratulations to their parents, wishing them long life and happiness in this world and the next. The youngest child is generally the speaker for the rest. After this, all the children embrace their parents and each other, and little cakes are handed around.

The grown-up folks, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and gay with ribbons, then march off to pay their respects to one another, and take their children to visit their grandparents, or godfathers, or godmothers, where the little ones congratulate them as they did their parents, and each child generally receives a cake and a piece of money.

But there are outdoor sports also. The eve has been employed in erecting, near the village fountain, a gigantic Christmas tree—a young pine, or holly, bright with scarlet berries. This, with no little merry-making, is hung with ribbons, colored eggs, figures of amorous shepherds and coquettish peasant girls.

All go to visit the tree, and pay a sort of homage to it as symbolizing heaven's protecting care over the village, and all gossip under its branches, or draw water at the fountain. When evening sets in, the snow is swept away around the tree, and the girls, forming a ring around it, sing and dance—the young fellows being allowed to look on, but not to take part.

There can be no doubt that in this custom, as in many others which still linger among the peasantry in various parts of Europe, we have remnants of the old pagan rites, which, before the introduction of Christianity, were both religious ceremonies and public festivities.

The early missionaries, finding it no easy task to deprive the people of their sports, left them, giving them a Christian instead of a heathen application. The Fires of Baal became St. John's Fire; the Druid's Oak became the Mary Oak, and so on. In the New Year's celebration in the Vosges, we see the old Druidical worship of trees and fountains.

The song generally runs in this fashion:

We have planted the New Year's tree,
Its boughs are gayly dressed;
But here no flower will blossom,
No bird will build its nest.
We love the tree as a sister—
Our love is not in vain;
The tree we'll guard all thro' the year
Till Christmas comes again.
La! la! The New Year's tree we raise,
And dance a measure in its praise.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

"Doctors make fewer mistakes than the lawyers," responded the physician. "That's not so," said the counselor; "but doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground; a lawyer's are not." "No," replied Warren "but they are sometimes hung many feet above ground."

How to acquire a short hand—fool around a buzz saw.

Make Drunkenness a Crime.

The venerable Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, late preacher to Harvard College, in a recent letter on the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, expresses the belief that the only remedy for intemperance is to make drunkenness the prime offence, and to bring about a state of public feeling in which drunkenness and all approaches to it shall be looked upon with the same loathing and moral disapprobation with which the attempt is made to brand the sale of spirituous liquors. He says: "Stigmatize the sale and the seller as you please, I care not with how deep a brand, if you will only make one deeper still for those whose vice makes the sale infamous. The most efficient legislation in behalf of temperance would be subjecting intoxication in all cases to ignominious punishment. What the law makes ignominious, society will hold in like disesteem. If a young man of a respectable family is liable to be locked up in a house of correction for coming home drunk from a convivial gathering, not only will he be restrained from excessive indulgence, but his parents and friends will be very careful how they start him on the first step of the evil way. Making drunkenness infamous would do more than all things else toward checking, and to a very large degree entirely prevent, the use of strong drink of any kind in families and on occasions of social festivity, and would multiply beyond any conceivable cause the number of total abstinents.

A Monument to Dr. Guard.

Over the dust of the late Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., has been erected in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, a square shaft of polished granite, about nine feet high, with an ornamented cap, surmounted by a handsomely chiseled urn. The inscriptions on three sides of he stone are:

1st. "Rev. Thomas Guard: June 3, 1831–October 15, 1882. A Methodist Preacher, a Princely Orator, a Saintly Man."

2d. "Pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits."

3d. "Erected 1883 by members of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the M. E. Church."

Christians of all denominations who knew Dr. Guard will be glad to learn that this most fitting tribute has been paid to the memory of the great, good, broad, warm-hearted, eloquent divine, whose body lies beneath, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

The Italians have a proverb that "some things, if not true, ought to be true." Perhaps the following dialogue between a Roman Catholic priest and a little girl is one of them. Being asked to attend the religious instruction of the priest, she said it was against her father's wishes. "You should obey me, not your father," said the priest. "Oh Sir!" said the girl, "we are taught in the Bible, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'" "You have no business to read the Bible," said the priest. "The Lord said, 'Search the Scriptures,'" was the answer. "That was to the Jews, and not to children, and you do not understand it," said the priest. "But, sir," replied the girl, "St. Paul said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.'" "Timothy," said the priest, "was being trained to a bishop, and was taught by the authorities of the Church." "Oh, no!" says the girl, "he was taught by his mother and his grandmother." Thereupon the priest left her, saying she knew enough of the Bible to poison a parish; that is, according to his ideas of poison.—[The Churchman.

Conceited, willful men never relish advice, however timely, kindly-intended and appropriately it may be given. Pastors of this character will often reply to friendly caution against depending on doubtful aids. "We can read character as well as others. We know what we want, and we shall consult our own pleasure in these matters." In every such case, failure is sure to come. But when it does come, the attempt is always made to lay the blame on others. Somebody has stood in the way, or interfered with their superior plans and efforts, or they would have succeeded charmingly. The fact is, in all such cases, that if others prevent defeat, or win success, in spite of such dogged persistance in unwise movements, these men will claim the credit; and if left to their own folly, when failure comes, however mortifying, they simply "eat the fruit of their own doings." "In the midst of counselors, there is safety," if we are wise enough to heed good advice

Nothing is so essential to success in life as a definite purpose constantly kept before the mind. A man who begins to work without any particular object in view is not likely to accomplish anything of importance. If he would succeed, he must place some definite end before him, keep it constantly in view, and bend all his energies towards its attainment. Paul understood and acted on this principle. Instead of permitting his thoughts to be distracted, and his energies wasted in the pursuit of different objects, he declared, "This one thing I do." He had a definite aim before him, and nothing could divert him from his purpose. Paul was a success, and he succeeded in the only way in which any man can succeed, either in secular or religious life. No man can be everything and do everything. To attempt such a thing is to fail. Select your life-work, devote yourself to it, persevere in it, and, with the divine blessing, you will succeed.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, when last heard from, was among the Himalayan mountains. He writes home that he has seen nothing so *high* as those mountains since he last visited a certain ultra ritualistic church in Boston.—[Pacific Churchman.

If a pastor heeds not advice given him for his good, he must not be surprised to find his own counsels unheeded.

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News Summary.

At Home and Abroad.

When Washington Territory is admitted into the Union as a State, it is proposed to call it Tahoma, the Indian name given to its Mount Rainier, meaning "almost to heaven."

On and after the 1st of July, all conductors, baggage-masters and brakemen on passenger trains in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad company will be uniformed. The cloth of the uniform will be navy blue.

The expenses of the Folsom prison for the month of May amounted to $8,207; Insane Asylum, at Stockton, for same month, $14,491.48; the Napa asylum, $14,477.48; and the Deaf, Dumb and B ind Asylum, $2,960.60

The total number of deaths for the week ending yesterday was 97, against 88 for the corresponding week last year. The mortality among infants was particularly large—over forty-two per cent., being children under five years of age. There were 29 deaths of infants under the age of one year. There were 18 deaths in public institutions, two casualities and three suicides.

The Nevada City *Transcript* says: "There is on exhibition at the County Treasurer's office a German Bible, printed at Ingostadt, Bavaria, A. D. 1602. It is in a good state of preservation. It is well illustrated with 120 wood engravings. A written record on the inside of one of the covers states that it was rebound in 1709. The venerable book now belongs to John Hipperth, of Eureka South, this county.

The demand for money in this city is quite light. Commercial paper is discounted at 7@8 per cent. The banks will loan 1@1¼ on wheat at 6@7 per cent. Eastern Exchange has been very dull, but is better at the close, especially for small sums. The savings banks continue to loan at 6 per cent. on acceptable real estate, and pay the mortgage tax.

The following table represents the exports of the United States to China, and the imports from China to the United States from the year 1867 to 1882, inclusive:

Year end'g Jun. 30.	Exports.	Imports.
1867	$3,578,808	$12,112,440
1868	3,980,014	11,384,999
1869	5,203,238	13,207,361
1870	3,116,381	14,565,257
1871	2,070,832	20,064,365
1872	2,963,835	26,752,835
1873	2,555,970	27,191,759
1874	2,133,661	18,568,940
1875	3,566,748	14,676,416
1876	4,729,892	12,847,633
1877	4,937,706	12,301,684
1878	6,867,255	18,120,483
1879	5,942,199	18,084,694
1880	3,978,775	24,020,707
1881	8,364,534	24,717,557
1882	9,123,880	22,638,433

The year 1873 exceeded any other in the amount of imports, while that of 1882 exceeded any other year in that of exports Our imports consist mainly in teas.

The Ohio courts sustain the action of a telephone company which removed the instrument from a customer who constantly swore through it.

The corner-stone of the new Hebrew Orphan Asylum in New York was laid recently. The building will front on Tenth avenue, and will cost $600,000.

Work has been begun on the foundation of the Canada Southern Railroad bridge, at Niagara Falls. It is to be about 300 feet above the present suspension bridge, where the chasm is 859 feet wide.

At the annual breakfast of the London Tract Society, May 17th, Rev. Dr. J. Murdock, of India, one of the missionary speakers, said that there are 330,000,000 idols there, to its population of 250,000,000.

It is stated that in 1840 there were only seven kinds of business open to women in Massachusetts; now there are 284 occupations, in which 251,158 women earn their living, receiving, each, from $150 to $3,000 per annum.

The salaries of the clergymen of the United States are about $6,000,000 a year. The dog tax nets the Government about $16,000,000 a year, and the Commissioner of Agriculture says it costs $50,000,000 to feed them.

Big Hoe, White Wolf and Sim Boy, Kiowa and Comanche chiefs, who formerly were among the worst enemies of civilization in the Southwest, attended the late examinations of the school at Carlisle Barracks, where their children are members.

"Metallic red" has been selected by the Postmaster-General as the color for the new two-cent postage stamps. The vignette used on the stamp is copied from the life cast for Houdin's statue of Washington.

The family of Mrs. Stowe hold her in such reverence that some of them apparently think she wrote the Bible. Her little grandson, at the age of five, swinging on a neighbor's gate, was reproved by his mother, who told him Mr. Smith would not like it. "I don't care for Mr. Smith," said the urchin, "nor for his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his." "Willy," asked his mother, "do you know who wrote those words you use so?" "I don't know," was the reply: "Granma Stowe, I s'pose."

The Rev. Dr. Parker, the well-known minister of the Londan City Temple, after several defeats, has been elected Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for next year by a very large majority. The Doctor will enter into an able succession. Illustrious men have occupied the same place, but it may be safely prophesied that the brilliant Doctor will sustain the dignity and ability of the position, and that his two official addresses next year will equal the best efforts of his most distinguished preddescessors.

In Florence, Italy, crickets are sold in little straw cages on Ascension Day, and are supposed to bring luck to the homes of the buyers. The custom comes from an old legend that when Christ ascended to heaven a cricket lighted on his foot, and was carried up with him.

The *Christian Secretary* says that the climate of Palestine seems to be changing. An American resident for sixteen years says that last summer was cooler than any he had known. Clouds were daily seen at his home in Jaffa, which was something strange to the oldest inhabitant, and several rains occurred.

Govenor B. F. Butler, who failed to receive the "LL. D" from Harvard College, will attend the commencement exercises to-day. Will he make things lively? Very likely. That is his custom.

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BARLEY—Feed, 95 to 97½c.

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FEED—Bran, $15.50 to $16; ground barley, $22 to 23; middlings, $20 to $22; oil-cake, $35.00 per ton.

HOPS—22½c.

POTATOES—50c to $1.00 per cwt.

FRUIT—Lemons, $1.00 to 2.00 for Cal Bananas, $1.50 to 2.50 per bunch; Cal. Oranges $1 to 1.50 per box. Figs, 5 to 8c per lbs. Strawberries, $11.00 to 15.00 per chest; Cherries, $10.00 to 15.00 per chest; Apricots 50c to 75 per box, Apples, new, 30c to $1.00 per box; Currents, $4.00 to 6.50 per chest; Pears, 30c to 40 per basket.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 75c to $1.00 per ctl. Cauliflower, 60 to 75c per doz; Turnips, 50 to 75 per ctl.; Green Peas, 2½c to 3½ Tomatoes, $1.75 to 2.00 per box. Asparagus, $1.00 to 2.00 per box.

HAY—$6.00 to 15.00 for all grades. Straw, 50 to 65c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, 22 to 23c.

CHEESE—Cal. 11½ to 12½c choice.

EGGS—27 to 29c per doz for Cal.

HONEY—Strained, 7½c; 8c for white.

BEEF—8 to 8½c first quality; 6 to 7c for third.

MUTTON—Wethers, 4½ to 5c; Ewes, 4 to 4½c.

LAMB—5½ to 6c.

PORK—Live hogs, 7¾ to 8c, hardstock. 7 to 7¼c for soft; dressed, 10½ to 10⅞c.

Sunday-School Lesson for July 1, 1883. Joshua i: 1–9.

BY REV. J. F. ELLIS.

Joshua, Successor to Moses.

Golden Text.—"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." (Eph. vi: 10.)

Our present lesson resumes the Old Testament history at the point at which it was dropped in the International Lessons, two years ago. Our study ended at that time with the death of Moses. It now begins with the call and commission of Joshua.

V. 1. "Death of Moses" (Deut. xxxiv: 5)—On the mountain top with the Promised Land in view. Joshua—Oshea (Numbers xiii: 16)—of the tribe of Ephraim, an official attendant upon Moses, and one of the spies sent "to spy out the land of Canaan." He is first mentioned in Exodus xvii: 9–12, where he commands the army against Amalek, and routes him.

V. 2. "My Servant"—So was Abraham called, and Job. It is a great thing to be God's servant. In the Sunday-school work every Superintendent and teacher ought to be encouraged by the fact that God thinks and speaks of each one as "my servant." "Arise"—Here is the charge of leadership. The death of a great and useful man does not frustrate the purpose of God. Lincoln fell within sight of victory and the Union restored, and it was a very great grief to the loyal people; but the loyal cause never halted or faltered. God always has a Joshua to succeed the fallen Moses; always an Elijah to wear the mantle of the ascending Elijah. "Thou and all this people"—God never forgets the people. "All the people" are to share with the leader in the gifts of God.

V. 3. "Every place * * * * tread upon"—Within certain large limits, mentioned in the next verse, they were to have all they would reach and set foot upon. So now, in Jesus Christ there is a wonderful promised land set before us all, as much of which shall be ours as we set the foot of faith upon; if we possess little, it is because we are too faithless or too indolent to press on and set foot upon it. "Have I given"—As if the will or deed were already made out, so that we are absolutely sure of it by going upon the ground; just as our kind and good Government gives any one of us a homestead of 160 acres if we go and live upon it.

V. 4. "Wilderness—Lebanon—Euphrates—great sea"—The southern, northern, eastern and western boundaries of the land. "Hittites," named here because they were the dominant tribe among the Canaanites.

V. 5. "Not any man able to stand before thee"—As no tree in the forest can stand before the sharp ax of the chopper, or, as no grain or grass can resist the keen sickle, so no warrior of all the tribes of Canaan could withstand the sword of Joshua. "With Moses * * with thee"—Royal assurance for Joshua, which each Christian soldier may also take to himself. "Not fail nor forsake"—Unfailing faithfulness of our God.

V. 6. "Be strong and of a good courage"—Assurance of divine aid never relieves us from the necessity of being strong and bold in doing God's will. Joshua was a hero. So should all Christians be. God's promise to be with us is designed to make us heroic. The little boy was not afraid in the storm at sea because he knew God was on the sea as well as on the land. Why need a boy or girl fear to say "No" to anything wrong, if God is with them? With him near by we can all well afford to "Dare to do right." Where God is there is always victory in the end.

V. 7. "Do according to all the law"—We must not only know his law, but do it! It will be great condemnation in the Day of Judgment to be told that we knew our duty but did it not. The doers of God's will shall be justified (Rom. ii: 13). "Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left"—The road to heaven is straight. Christian pilgrims must keep to the highway (Isa. xxxv: 8), and turn aside in none of the by-ways of the world. Bunyan got into a dungeon, was cruelly beaten, and came within one of committing suicide, by turning to the left hand into beautiful "By-path Meadow" that lay along by the cool river.

V. 8. "Not depart out of thy mouth"—That is what it means to commit to memory the Ten Commandments, the Golden Texts, and other great teachings of the Bible—have God's law at tongue's end; like David, have it hid in the heart. "Meditate therein day and night"—We must think over these thoughts of God which are in the Bible. It is a great thing to have God's thoughts. How glad we ought to be to have his good and great thoughts much in mind, so that his thoughts may become our thoughts. Only think of it, boys and girls may think God's thoughts, as well as a great General like Joshua! "To all that is written therein"—Joshua had no right to pick out what he liked, and let the rest go. We must obey all the commandments (Jas. ii: 10). "Thy way prosperous * * * good success"—God likes to see us do well. He wishes us well. He wants us to prosper. He is glad to have us succeed, and it is for this very reason that he gives us his law—to make us successful. His law determines, too, what is true success. Whoever keeps that law faithfully, as Joshua did, does not fail, but is sure to be prosperous.

V. 9. "Have not I commanded thee?"—The enemy had strong walls around their cities, and high and mighty fortresses from which to fight. They had horses and war-chariots. They had large armies well trained and well armed; and, besides all this, they were in their own country and knew the ground perfectly; but, "Thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest"—What are walls, and fortresses, horses, chariots and trained warriors to him? "Thy God," dear child, dear teacher, dear believer, "is with thee," and "one with God is a majority."

Central Thought.—God gives great strength for a great work.

Sunday-School Lesson for July 8, 1883. Joshua iii: 5–17.

BY REV. J. F. ELLIS.

Passing over Jordan.

Golden Text.—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

In our former lesson, we studied the commission of Joshua as the successor of Moses in leading the Israelites. Between that lesson and this three points of interest are recorded: 1. The preparation of food for the removal across the river. 2. The agreement of the tribes of Reuben and Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh, to whom Moses had assigned the rich lands on the east side of Jordan where they were now encamped, to send all their "mighty men of valor" with him. 3. The sending of the two spies to Jericho; their escape and return.

V. 5. "Sanctify yourselves"—There is a very great sermon in these words. But there is no room in these notes to preach it. Only a hint at the all important truth. Teach the children that "sanctify" means, primarily, to purify the body with water. They can easily understand what it is to make the hands and face and the whole body *clean* by washing in water. And to make clean is to sanctify. But God wants a clean heart as well as a clean body. Hence, sanctify comes almost immediately to mean purity of heart. And when people are clean in heart they have washed away the dirt and defilement of sin. They are separated from their own ways and their own unholy thoughts. This turn of thought shows how "sanctify" finally comes to mean to set one's self apart from the world to God. This is essential preparation for the working of his wonders. Everything depends upon it; without it, no waters will divide before us, no victory gladden our days of battle, no souls be given us as the wages of our teaching. If we are to see the grace and power of God displayed in our schools and churches, we must sanctify ourselves. "To-morrow"—how soon! The believer that sanctifies himself to-day will always see the glory of the Lord to-morrow. Lingering weeks and years of waiting for his blessing are no part of his plan. When we sanctify ourselves to any work of God, his wonders follow without delay.

V. 6. "Ark of the covenant"—a small chest or box of wood lined inside, and overlaid outside with gold, having a solid gold lid known as the "mercy seat"; called "ark of the covenant" because it contained the Ten Commandments written on the two tables of stone, which were the substance of the covenant that God made with Moses on Sinai for all the twelve tribes. "Before the people"—like the flag of an army.

V. 7. "Magnify thee"—give proof to the people that they were not without a divinely sanctioned leader.

V. 8. "Stand still in Jordan"—halt in the edge of the river till the wonder was performed.

V. 9. "Hear the words of the Lord"—As yet the people did not know how they were to get across the swollen river, and it was time now to explain it to them.

V. 10. "The living God is among you"—God lives and does not grow old and will never die. His years have no end, his being is from everlasting to everlasting. And he—seeing, feeling, thinking, acting, loving what is right, and hating what is wrong—is among you for help and for victory. "Without fail"—He always does what he promises and what he undertakes to do. "Drive out* * * the Canaanites"—Some people find fault with the Bible about all this. But the truth is these people had become so bad and worthless that they were not fit to live there any longer. It is a hard thing to have to drive anyone away so, but it has to be done. Canaan was a splendid country, and the Canaanites might have been a splendid people. But they were not, and God drove them away. So he will do with every one who does not use this world without abusing it. (1 Cor. vii: 31). Read Prov. i: 24–33; Psa. vi: 8 and Matt. xxv: 41.

V. 11. "Lord of the whole earth"—The king of Jericho is just as much under his dominion as Joshua. This is God's own world, and everybody in it ought to do as he wishes. Boys and girls who are not in Sunday-school have no more right to break his commandments than those who are in. Men and women who do not belong to the church have no more right to live worldly lives than those who do. God's claims are upon all people. "Passeth over before you"—The Lord leads the way through difficulty and danger.

V. 12. "Twelve men"—See in fourth chapter, verses 4–9.

V. 13. "Soles of the feet* * *rest in the waters"—At the Red Sea the miracle was wrought before the people came near the water. But here there is no sign of the parting of the waters till the feet of the advancing priests actually step down into the edge of the full-flowing river. This may teach us how our faith ought to grow till in full confidence we can step out on the sure promise of God. We must not only sanctify ourselves, but we must also have full faith, if God works any wonders of blessing for us. "Cut off"—Just what it says, cut off as a stick of wood, or as a little stream of water, after it rains, is stopped by a boy damming it up with a piece of board. There are people who do not believe this account. But Christians think that if a little boy can stop a little stream, the mighty God can stop a great river. "Upon an heap"—as water piles up against the dam across the channel.

V. 15. "Overfloweth"—because of the melting snows on the Lebanon mountains. "All its banks"—At this place the Jordan has three sets of banks; the lower, at the edge of the stream in low water; the next, which overflows in high water; and the last, at the water's edge in its high stage. "Harvest"—The months of April and May.

V. 16. "Very far from the city Adam"—Very far off, by the city Adam, a town twenty to thirty miles up the river. Zaretan, or Zarethan, is mentioned because it was better known at the time the book of Joshua was written. Explorers are not sure that they have found any traces of either of these places. "Sea of the plain"—The region about the Dead Sea was known as a plain in distinction from the land of the Canaanites, which was hilly. The waters were stayed at Adam and that which was below drained off into the Dead Sea, leaving the bed of the river bare for miles on either hand, even beyond where the eye could see. So God is wont to make a very wide way for the escape of his people.

V. 17. "Stood firm"—Faith that walks forth upon the sure Word of God always finds firm footing. "Dry ground"—The stony, gravelly bed of the river. "All the people were clean passed over Jordan"—The great wonder doubly completed; the flood was held back till *all* were *clear* over and out of its way.

Central Truth—God makes safe paths for our feet.

THE JULY CENTURY.—The striking portrait of John Brown in the July *Century*, and "Recollections of John Brown's Raid, by ex-Congressman Boteler, of Virginia, who was a spectator of the skirmish at Harper's Ferry, and expresses the Southern attitude toward Brown; and Frank B. Sanborn's "Comments of a Radical Abolitionist" on the foregoing, lend unusual interest to the number. "Topics of the Times" discusses "College Presidents and the Power of Appointment," "The Real Basis of Party Harmony," and "The Greatest Need of the Working Classes." Among the "Open Letters" is an important "Study of Sea-Sickness" by Dr. George T. Stevens.

The July number of *Harper's* is very rich in illustrations, and its Table of Contents presents very strong literary attractions. An admirable paper on Cincinnati is contributed by Olive Logan, with twenty illustrations from drawings by our best artists. Wong Chin Foo, the editor of *The Chinese American*, contributes an interesting article, entitled "Political Honors in China," which will commend itself to all readers interested in the improvement of our civil service.

In the *North American Review* for July, President Julius H. Seelye writes of "Dynamite as a Factor in Civilization." In "The Last Days of the Rebellion" Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan recounts the operations of the cavalry divisions under his command during the week preceding the surrender of Lee. Wm. S Holman, M. C., makes a striking exhibit of "The Increase of Public Expenditures." "Democracy and Moral Progress," by O. V. Frothingham, is a philosophic forecast of the probable outcome of "government by the people themselves." Z. R. Brockway, Superintendent of the Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., points out some "Needed Reforms in Prison Management;" Thomas Sergeant Perry writes of "Science and the Imagination;" Geo. E. Waring, Jr., of "Sanitary Drainage;" Elbridge T. Gerry of "Cruelty to Children," and finally there is a symposium on "Church Attendance." Published at 30 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

St. Nicholas for July will be a memorable number on account of a carefully written and wonderfully illustrated article on the "Brooklyn Bridge." The frontispiece, "The Lifting of the Fog," is by Edwards, and shows the great bridge dimly seen through the rifts of the mist. There is an interesting paper by H. H. Ballard on the last convention of the National Amateur Press Association, and a description of methods employed by the Amateur journalists in their political campaigns.

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Rome, Tours, and Newport form the back grounds of the three strikingly brilliant serials beginning in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July; namely, the new story, "A Roman Singer," by F. Marion Crawford, the author of the successful "Mr. Isaacs;" "En Province," the first of a series of papers by Henry James, Jr., comprising sketches of life and scenery in the old towns of France; and finally, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's clever society novel, "Newport." Some good poetry by Edith Thomas, Maurice Thompson, and E. R. Sill; careful reviews of new books, and the Contributor's Club, complete an unusually agreeable number.
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